The Voices of Peace.

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VOICES OF PEACE

(PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR.)

RALEIGH, N. C.

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MISS N. Y. BURKE, BUSINESS MANAGER.

"TO BE AND NOT TO SEEM."

CONTENTS:

		PAGE.
Life of Mrs. M. A. Burwell		1
Letter Found in Diary of Mrs. R. Burwell	MRS. KING.	8
Geoffrey Chaucer	MISS E. FAUCETTE.	19
Personal Magnetism	MISS A. LONG.	21
A Letter from London	MISS J. SCHMIDT.	23
A Sequel to Ivanhoe	MISS M. LAW.	30
EDITOR'S DESK:		
Salutatory		35
The Country Fair		36
Social Life at Peace		38
Literary Notes		41
Local Items		42
Alumnæ Notes		44
Among our Exchanges		45

PEACE INSTITUTE,

RALEIGH, N. C.

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"TO BE AND NOT TO SEEM."

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MRS. M. A. BURWELL.

BY A DISTINGUISHED LADY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

In beginning the publication of a magazine by the young ladies of Peace Institute, it is eminently appropriate that the first number should contain a brief sketch of the life and work of the late Mrs. M. A. Burwell, the honored wife and mother of its Principals, and their valuable co-adjutor for so many years in the management of a boarding-school, of which Peace Institute, with its extensive proportions, fine advantages, and beneficent influences, is but the outgrowth and development.

Every generation produces a type of character in men and women peculiar to itself—not entirely, it may be, the result of *heredity*, but in some degree moulded by its environments; and standing out distinctly from the many, certain characters arise of such striking individuality as to mark them as *representative*. Distinguished among this class of persons, and who belong to a generation now rapidly passing away—perhaps not *more* worthy, still *differently* worthy from the present—is the name of Mrs. Burwell, the wife of the venerable Robt. Burwell, D. D. Her maiden name was Anna

Robertson. She saw the light first in Richmond, Va., on October 3d, 1810, and was the daughter of Wm. Robertson, a Scotch merchant. Her mother, Anne Spotswood, was a great-granddaughter of Alexander Spotswood, the Colonial Governor of Virginia, whose enterprise and sagacity were such that, had his suggestions been adopted, they would have been of inestimable value to the British interests in America at a time when France was endeavoring to wrest from her the trade and riches of the New World. Early in his administration, Governor Spotswood, leading a troop of horse, effected a passage over the Blue Ridge (which had hitherto been considered an impenetrable barrier to the ambition of the whites), and discovered the beautiful valley that lies beyond. In commemoration of this exploit, he received the honor of Knighthood from the King, and was presented with a miniature golden horse-shoe inscribed, "*Sic juvat transcendere montes.*"

Mrs. Burwell was a worthy daughter of such ancestors, and in her girlhood showed striking characteristics that foretold the "coming woman." In 1831 she was married. A few years subsequently, Mr. Burwell received a call to the Presbyterian church in Hillsboro, N. C., and they removed there in 1835. No minister was ever more fortunate in the selection of a wife, for she proved a veritable helpmeet.

To fine natural endowments and unusual business qualifications, she added intelligence and culture. Having been carefully and piously reared, her literary tastes were sanctified and ennobled, and mind and heart found their highest enjoyment in the study of God's word.

They were blessed with "the heritage of the Lord"—a large family—and twelve children (all of whom lived to be grown) were "like olive plants around their table."

To one of Mrs. Burwell's broad expanse of mind and indomitable energy, the duties devolving upon her as mother and pastor's wife still left time for her to teach. In 1838, she opened a boarding and day-school for young ladies. The

lack of railroad facilities at that time, and the small size of the town, precluded the idea of a school of such proportions as its founder was so well fitted for, and to which she was afterwards destined; but the thorough system of instruction, the home-like aspect, and admirable management, gave it a reputation extending far beyond those who had personally enjoyed its advantages.

It was not surprising, therefore, when the building of the Charlotte Female Institute was completed, and its trustees were seeking for it a Principal who would at once place it upon a high plane in all respects, that their first choice fell upon Mr. and Mrs. Burwell. They were induced to take charge of it at its opening in 1857. The present handsome building was just completed. The spacious grounds, rescued from the adjacent field and forest, afforded ample, though somewhat discouraging, scope for Mrs. Burwell's energy and taste. Under her transforming hand it soon "blossomed as the rose," and in course of time became a veritable mount of beauty. The green lawn was as smooth as velvet. Rustic bowers and trailing vines lent their charm, and the summer air was redolent with the breath of roses. Within, order and neatness reigned supreme.

In this wider sphere of usefulness the remainder of her years were spent, and they were, perhaps, the most eventful of her useful life. The first great sorrow that entered the new home was that occasioned by the death of their daughter, Mrs. Fred. N. Strudwick, at her home in Alabama, an accomplished, thoughtful young woman. A peculiarly tender tie existed between the mother and this eldest daughter, who shared each other's confidences and companionship in a relation somewhat like sisters. The grief at her loss was rendered more poignant, from the fact that the parents had not the solace of being with her to soothe the last hours with their tender ministries.

Once only before, during their residence in Hillsboro, had death invaded their family. In 1856 their daughter Fannie,

having completed the school course with her parents, was sent North to perfect herself in music and art with a view to becoming a teacher in the school at home. Near the close of her year of study tidings came of failing health, then of serious illness that summoned her mother to her bedside. The longing for home was gratified, and they started on the return South. On board the steamer between New York and Norfolk, as the dawn appeared on sky and sea she entered through the portals into the fuller light of an eternal day. In both these great sorrows Mrs. Burwell, with Christian resignation, drank the bitter cup, and seemed most anxious to learn the lesson intended for her profit by these sad dispensations.

Then came the thrilling four years of the war, with all their painful and varied experiences. In addition to her large houseful of boarding-pupils, Mrs. Burwell extended her limits to their utmost capacity to receive refugees, who sought safety from an invading army. Her sympathetic nature welcomed the strangers, and many still recall with gratitude the peaceful haven they found in her home.

Of Mr. and Mrs. Burwell's eight sons, five (all who were old enough) went into the active service of the army. Of these, James, a fair boy still in his teens, gave his life-blood on one of the battle-fields of Virginia. Robert, a brother a few years older, was brought home suffering from a wound that proved mortal.

Through all this protracted and painful discipline of sorrow, the mother, chastened and subdued, bowed unmurmuringly to the afflicting rod, and illustrated, "How sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

When peace returned, it brought new responsibilites, and life was active and full of work. But when time had, in a measure, "soothed the tears it could not dry," and she began to smile again, to be happy in the children still spared her, suddenly, without warning, came the call from on High—the Great Shepherd touched the pet lamb of the flock, Jennie, the youngest, and after the marriage of Mrs. Crow, the only

remaining daughter. She was just sixteen; a gentle, beautiful girl, the picture of health, with eyes whose liquid depths revealed the guileless soul within. Disease seemed not to have touched the fair form as she lay peaceful and beautiful in the last repose; but "she was not, because God took her." What a pall rested over all the inmates of the house! The entire town were, in a degree, participants in that overwhelming sorrow. The sun shone in full autumnal splendor, but now the very sunshine seemed dimmed when there was no answering light from within! Flowers, the choicest and purest, were heaped upon her casket, while without they bloomed in gorgeous October coloring—but *the fairest flower of all lay low.*

This last crushing blow was too much for one of even Mrs. Burwell's nerve and strong, brave nature. She never recovered her wonted cheerfulness; a pensive air of sadness settled on her face, and there was a plaintive tone in her voice that excited the interest and sympathy of her friends, and, under the influence of sanctified suffering, she visibly ripened into meetness for Heaven.

But, through all, she was unremitting in duty; in her constant watchfulness over the young ladies entrusted to her training. Her classes were never committed to another teacher when it was possible for her to attend to them. One of her frequent quotations was, "The time is short"—a text itself full of significance, doubly so uttered in her solemn, impressive tones.

When one's expressions live in mind and on the lip, and being oft repeated verbatim become adages, it is a mark of greatness. Grant this, and Mrs. Burwell certainly possessed that element in a remarkable degree. Many of her aphorisms have become household words in the families of her pupils and those who knew her well.

As a teacher, she was *facile princeps;* not only enthusiastic, faithful and strict, but she was full of suggestion. She had the rare faculty of teaching her pupils *to think*, and made the distinction clearly between *to educate* and *to instruct.*

English was her *forte*, and she seemed to revel in it, from Grammar (which, in her hands, was relieved of its dull monotony) through the range of synonyms, Trench on Words, and the English classics. "Paradise Lost," which was read and studied, all the classical allusions being sought out, was to her and her "Seniors" a pastime and a delight. Sometimes all books were laid aside, and *a lecture* superceded the recitation, not always "on the text," but always apposite, replete with instruction, which many of her girls still recall with pleasure and profit. "Being dead, she yet speaketh."

A faithful and diligent student of the Bible herself, she was unfailing in her requirement of its daily reading by her pupils, a portion of the morning and evening study hours being devoted to that duty. Sunday afternoons were occupied with Bible classes, one of which she always taught herself. The first recitation of the entire school on Monday mornings, was also a Bible lesson. There seemed always to be a special bond of confidence and intimacy between her and her Bible class, and some of the fruits of the seed then sown, in faithfulness and prayer, may be revealed only in the light and among the surprises of the other world.

She was exact and particular in details. "Faithful in the least, faithful also in that which is great." The most faultless neatness and exquisite taste pervaded every part of her house. An admirable model for young ladies to carry into their homes, and to become a habit of their lives. A lofty soul that impressed itself on mind and heart, and that gave impetus to noble endeavor in many of those to whom she took the part of mother. One of the highest tributes to her fidelity and success has been the wish expressed by many of her former pupils, and also by their husbands, that she who guided their own young steps, and laid her moulding hand on their plastic characters, should, in time, perform the same office for their daughters.

The influence of such a wife and mother survives time, and must be commensurate with eternity. One daughter

and six sons survived her, and "rose up to call her blessed." Of the latter, Edmund S. Burwell, a successful business man of Charlotte, and, withal, a trusted member and officer of the First Presbyterian Church, died in March, 1887, lamented by all who knew him.

In physique, Mrs. Burwell was of heroic size and majestic presence. "She walked a queen." The forcible spirit, as of one "born to command," was impressed on her noble, fine features, and the strong points were mellowed by a faultless complexion, and clusters of silvery curls that lay on her still fair temples. Over all these beamed the light of intelligence, and a sweet, sympathetic flow, whose subtle influence was beyond the skill of the finest artist—consequently, no picture of her can ever do her justice. Her dress, always of black and perfect in fit, was usually made with a surpliced front, over which white lace lay in soft folds, leaving bare a rounded throat, and gave the daintiness as of a freshly made toilet. Her sympathies were broad and quick. "A heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize." There was no household in her large circle of friends whose festive occasions were not graced by her presence, or in whose scenes of sorrow her tears did not mingle.

When the building of Peace Institute was resumed, after the long interruption caused by the war, and its directors began seriously to think of a Principal suited to so important a station, they at once decided on the Messrs. and Mrs. Burwell. During her visits in Raleigh to her daughter, Mrs. Crow, the subject was canvassed, and doubtless the tenor of it was such as to lead her to earnest thought on the subject. She did not, however, survive its completion. While in Raleigh for the benefit of her health, which had been perceptibly declining for some months, she grew rapidly worse, and quietly passed away on June 21, 1871. It was just after the close of the term in the Charlotte Institute. Her remains were taken to her home for interment, and every possible mark of respect was shown her memory—all the business houses

of the town being closed during the hours of her funeral, while a great concourse of mourners and sympathizers followed her to her last resting place. She was laid beside her two boy martyrs and Jennie in peaceful Elmwood, and the stars keep watch over the sleepers, till the Sun of Righteousness shall bid them arise and "be satisfied when they awake in His likeness."

As the germ contains the stately oak, with its protecting arms and wealth of shade, so the select school of Hillsboro, developed into the more important school of Charlotte, has expanded into the present Peace Institute, the sainted Mrs. Burwell may justly be regarded as the *Mother of Peace.*

As has been beautifully said of another, "Upon her honored memory rest the love and reverence of kindred and friends; the benedictions of society; the blessing of the church, and—the *smile of God.*

AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. M. A. BURWELL.

"The following was written by Mrs. Harris (afterwards Mrs. King), sister of Mrs. Judge Nash, of Hillsboro, describing a shipwreck off Cape Hatteras to which she and her younger sister Lydia (afterwards Mrs. Holditch, of New York) were exposed. It was written while '*Lydia*' was quite a child. I met Mrs. Harris in Hillsboro; had one of her daughters at our school for awhile, and during my stay in New York, while there in deep affliction, she was to me a kind, attentive friend."

New Berne, February 28, 1812.

You request, my dear Mary, the particulars of our late voyage. Ah! where shall I begin or how end in relating the events of this disastrous voyage, in recounting to you all the mercies experienced during its course, the wonderful and oft experienced goodness of our Heavenly Parent, but

for which I should not now be penning a letter for your perusal, and you, sister of my heart, would have been lamenting the loss of two beings connected to you by tender and endearing ties; lost in an awful manner—plunged into a watery grave. "Bless the Lord oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who redeemed thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies! Bless the Lord, oh my soul!"

We sailed from New York Saturday, December 1st, with a favorable wind, which continued only till the next day about noon. On Monday the wind shifted 'round, and from that hour till the day of our shipwreck (24th December), severe gales, head-winds and dead calms alternated. Much did we suffer. I think I was more dreadfully sick than on any former voyage. Dear Lydia suffered from sea-sickness only one day; from fear, I believe, not an hour. She was the life of the party, the admiration of all on board. Captain Pike declares he never loved a child so much.

The Saturday night after we left New York we had a tremendous gale, and were in imminent danger. The wind blew so violently that we were driven at the rate of ten miles an hour towards the Hook without a single sail up. It thundered tremendously, and as I lay in my berth I saw the vivid flashes of lightning playing over the companion way. Rain, hail and snow succeeded each other, and had not a kind Providence endowed our captain with great firmness and presence of mind in a critical moment we must all have been lost. I felt we were in great danger; I pressed our darling Lydia to my bosom and exclaimed, "Oh, that I had left you at home!" She, undaunted, replied, "I am very glad I am with you, my dear sister; what would you, so sick, have done without me?" During all the dangers of the voyage her fortitude and confidence in her Heavenly Father never forsook her. She manifested more firmness than any of the other females on board. Almost every other night

we had severe gales; repeatedly were we driven into the Gulf stream when we were anticipating crossing the bar in a few hours. Sixteen days and nights we lay in that dangerous place; our wood gave out, provisions grew short, and the patience of the crew was nearly exhausted. When the passengers were entertaining the most sanguine hopes of landing in New Berne within a few hours, suddenly a head wind would spring up and blow us back into the Gulf. Then the gentlemen would exclaim, "Never was anything so unlucky!" "Oh! do not call it luck," Lydia would say, "I do not believe there is any such thing; Providence directs all things." The gentlemen could not subscribe to this opinion, but her vivacity would dispel the gloom. They would smile and assert that she was "quite a little philosopher."

The evening of the 23d a most tremendous gale came on after a dark and disagreeable day. We were then approaching Cape Hatteras. Captain Pike was on deck the whole evening, and, I verily believe, acted a faithful and prudent part. The mate, who was the brother of our captain, was very sick in his berth. The lead was hove, we were in soundings, the wind blowing directly on shore. Under such circumstances, Captain Pike justly deemed it dangerous to proceed further toward the Cape or to lie there. Accordingly he turned about and made off again to sea. The lead was constantly hove till near midnight, when we were out of soundings, and then the vessel was laid to. All danger, we thought, was over, and we lay quietly down to sleep. Alas! we are often in the greatest danger when we think ourselves most secure. Before daylight the wind suddenly changed. This raised heavy opposite seas, and so strong was the current that it drove us with irresistible violence towards the shore. About five o'clock on the morning of the 24th *we struck!* Conceive, if you can, my dear Mary, the horrors of that moment! In an instant we were all out of our berths; the captain flew on deck, the vessel began to fill with water

and inclined much on one side, which was soon overflown. Down the cabin stairs rushed the captain, exclaiming, "By the eternal God, we're on the breakers!" Oh, what a sound was that! I pulled my dear Lydia toward Mr. Davis, a gentleman who had been shipwrecked about a year previous, and who had promised assistance should any misfortune befall us. "Do, Mr. Davis, endeavor to save this poor child!"

He replied, with a look of calm despair that froze me with horror, "Mrs. Harris, nothing can be done; we are all lost, there is no hope!"

Shrieks of anguish resounded through the vessel; it thumped violently on the breakers, and in a few moments was turned over nearly on its beam-ends.

The gentlemen stood around like statues of despair, deeming all efforts to save themselves or us useless. Mr. Davis held my hand with one of his, with the other he held a candle, when a heavy sea broke over the vessel, shivered the skylight to atoms, rushed into the cabin and extinguished the light. The cabin was nearly filled with water. Mr. Griswold came toward me and said: "Mrs. Harris, you had better get the ladies, Miss Haines and Miss Henry, into your room, their's is fast filling with water."

I entreated him to bring them in, and to their incessant cries of "Can nothing be done to save us?" Mr. Davis replied, "If Mrs. Harris will consent to my leaving you, I will go on deck and see if anything can possibly be done." I quickly withdrew my hand and urged him to go.

They now discovered that we were not, as had been apprehended, on the shoals of Cape Hatteras, but near the beach, though at such a distance they could not jump on it. The breakers ran too high to permit them to swim ashore, and the long-boat had long ago burst from its holdings and floated off. All they could do, therefore, was to cling to the shrouds, though almost dead with the intense cold, in the feeble hope that our situation might be discovered and we receive assistance.

Soon after Mr. Davis left, I begged Mr. Griswold also to go, as he could do nothing for us while below, and, perhaps, on deck he might be able to do something.

He also went, leaving Miss Henry, Miss Haines, Lydia, my two servants and myself in my state-room—every man was then above. Scarce had Mr. Griswold left us when an awful wave rushed in, swept down the cabin stairs, the stove, the bell and everything in its way. All communication with those on deck seemed now cut off; heavy seas were constantly rushing in upon us and we thought ourselves drowning. I entreated the dear girls with me to commit their souls to God, before whose tribunal, I thought, they would in a few moments stand.

Miss Henry rushed past me exclaiming, "O, Mrs. Harris, do not let us stay here and be drowned; let us try to get on deck!"

She went to the skylight, put her hand through the broken bars and screamed most piteously for help.

Mr. Griswold heard and again came to her aid. "Through here, Miss Henry, you cannot be taken, but go to the binnacle and I will endeavor to get you on deck."

Scarce had he spoken when a tremendous sea burst over, which threw him over the boom, and Miss Henry on her back. It beat with such violence on her breast as she lay holding on to the iron to which the bell had been suspended, and buoyed up by the water in the cabin, that she was nearly exhausted. As soon as she could speak, she cried in a feeble voice, "Dear Mrs. Harris, I am almost gone."

I extended my hand to draw her into the room, but by this time we were both so much exhausted that I found I could not do it without letting go my hold of Lydia, who was encircled with one arm. I turned to Tempe, one of my servants, who was trembling beside me, and ordered her to put out her hands and assist Miss Henry in getting in.

The poor girl was dragged almost lifeless into the room

and laid on my berth, which, owing to the inclined position of the vessel, remained dry.

Tempe then cried, "Do, mistress, let me go on deck and see if nothing can be done to save us!" She flew by me to the binnacle, another sea came over and I saw her no more. I thought it had swept her overboard. I said to the girls, "Poor Tempe 's gone; we shall soon follow her."

Mark, my dear Mary, the wonderful goodness of God to me in this awful moment of extremity. Even then He graciously afforded me strength and presence of mind to sit by the door and, keeping my finger in the keyhole, hold it to, thus preventing much water from rushing in; though often a wave would beat over the vessel which, pouring into the cabin, would force open the door and completely overwhelm us.

Our gracious God inspired me with composure to soothe, in some measure, the extreme agitation of the poor girls, who till they came into my room could only shriek and entreat the gentlemen to save them; but now our hearts and voices were raised to that Omnipotent Being who alone could save us, could save our never-dying souls from endless woe, for of our bodies being rescued from the yawning deep I had now relinquished all expectation.

Not a sound was heard by us from the deck, so loud and awfully roared the breakers, and I verily thought that the captain, sailors and passengers had all been swept overboard. I thought we were all alone in the shattered vessel, and at such a distance from any human beings that we could not be descried.

When the girls would say, "Dear Mrs. Harris, do you not think we may receive assistance from the shore?" I would reply, "Oh, no! We are too far from shore to expect it; we must only pray, my dear girls, that our souls may be accepted by God through Jesus Christ. That most blessed Saviour, who spoke peace to the dying thief, can, by the Holy Spirit, apply his precious blood to our souls even now in this our last hour, raise your hearts to God." And did we not pray?

Yes, most fervently. I tried to draw off my thoughts from this world and fix them on that eternity I was so soon to enter, but your image, my dear Mary, and that of my dear husband and parents, weeping over the sad fate of those so dear to them, would force themselves upon me and cause my heart to throb with anguish.

At this instant a heavy sea came over, burst open our door, completely overwhelming us, and for some time I thought we were drowning. My mouth and eyes filled with water; it was a minute or two ere I could speak. I gasped for breath, and as soon as I could give utterance to my thoughts, said, "My dear girls, the next wave will probably seal our fate."

We then sat in awful stupefaction awaiting death, but, O, my sister, it was death in such an awful form! I looked out at the door—naught could be seen but the awful breakers rolling over the remains of the vessel and smoking like a vast building in flames. The cabin was several feet deep in water, on which were floating trunks, baskets, mattresses and bedding. Crash! crash! went the broken vessel continually. The hold broke open with violence, and boxes, barrels, etc., were bursting out The berth in which we sat began filling with water; the planks beneath our feet began to separate, displaying the roaring waves, which seemed gaping to swallow us. I caught our dear Lydia to my breast—"Oh, my sister! I wish I had not brought you with me; our poor parents would have suffered enough in the loss of one child snatched from them in this awful manner."

Miss Haines cried out, "Oh, must we perish in this awful way!" Lydia again pressed to me, saying, "If we are prepared for death, sister, it makes no difference whether it meets us on sea or on land."

"Ah!" thought I, "dear child, if we were all innocent like you." Upwards of an hour we remained in this state—a state of horror which no pen, no tongue, can describe. One must have been in asimilar situation to have any adequate

idea of what we endured; our bodily anguish was lost in agony of mind.

At length, when hope was extinct, when we had nearly ceased to think of this world, and bent our eyes only on eternity, another wave burst open the door and Miss Haines rapturously exclaimed, "Oh, there is a man coming to our relief!" I thought she was deceiving herself, and trembled for her mistake; but in an instant a large, intrepid negro was seen by us all making his way over the scattered remnants of the vessel to our room—quickly passed us on discovering that we were alive (which he had not expected), and made up to the dead-lights, which, with wonderful strength, he pushed out with his arm (although they had withstood the force of so many waves), and then handed Miss Haines, Miss Henry, Lydia, myself and the remaining servant out of the cabin window to some men who stood on the beach to receive us, for we had by this time drifted so near the shore that when the surf retreated the men could run down to the vessel, secure one and retreat before the returning surf endangered their lives. Thus were we all saved—except the mate, a young man, brother of Captain Pike, who, in attempting to swim ashore, was drowned before his brother's eyes while making uneffectual efforts to rescue him. The remainder of the crew staid on the broken deck, clinging to the shrouds, till the inhabitants of the island ran down and took them. They were so benumbed that they could not stand up. As soon as they were taken off the Captain said to the men who had come to their assistance, "For God's sake try to get the ladies out of the cabin; I fear they are all drowned there." It seemed to be the general opinion that none of us were living. But the master of the negro asked him if he would venture into the cabin. Without hesitation he consented. He was accustomed to such scenes (for shipwrecks are very frequent), and knew that for him there was no actual danger. He got us out safely, as I have related.

We were taken with our wet night-clothes on and nearly

perished with cold (you recollect how cold it was) to a miserable little hut about a mile from the shore. I was carried like a corpse by two men, one holding my head, the other my feet. My night-cap had been washed from my head. and my long hair trailed on the sand. Lydia, who was carried by a man ahead, said I looked most awfully—so pallid, so stiffened, so corpse-like. When Captain Pike met Lydia he burst into tears, overjoyed at learning we were all alive: never, he says, did he experience greater satisfaction.

And now, my dear sister, how shall I describe our sensations when we were a little revived and found ourselves in safety on land? We thought not of the losses we had sustained, we only lamented poor Pike's untimely fate. "Joy, gratitude and pity wept at once" when we saw the anguish of our worthy captain, and heard him say, "My brother's death will be heavy news to my poor mother; he was her youngest and favorite son." I also wept when I thought what would have been *our parent's* agony if they had lost their youngest darling, Lydia—similar, I thought an hour before, our fate would be, but we were graciously preserved. What fervent gratitude did the reflection produce? The inmates of the wretched dwelling to which we were carried prepared some food for us, but my heart was too full to permit me to eat. The succeeding night four ladies, four sailors, and two negroes slept before the same fire—miserable were our accommodations, but we felt only gratitude.

Again, my dear Mary, admire with me the merciful providence of God. Had the vessel struck *one hour* sooner, it is said, we must all have perished, as the crew of one that struck a mile from us did. Had I complied with the urgent entreaties of the girls and gone on deck, we must have been drowned, for the men could scarce preserve *their* hold when the waves beat upon them. They afterwards told me that Captain Pike, in his deep concern for us, once said, "Let us try and get the ladies on deck, they will all perish in the

cabin." He ran to the binnacle for this purpose, but was happily prevented by some of the gentlemen, who said, "Let them remain where they are, their chance is best in the state-room; here they cannot stand it." (Ah! had it been left to *chance*; what would have been our present condition)? Behold, once more, the gracious providence of our Heavenly Father. When the vessel struck, her broadside was to the shore, but after the gentlemen were taken off and her main deck had given way, she suddenly turned her stern to the shore. Thus we could be taken through the cabin windows, the only way by which we could be saved. Had we been on the shores of Cape Hatteras (as we at first thought), doubtless we should all have perished, but we struck on the shoals eight miles north of the Cape. The wretches on this island are a disgrace to humanity. I could not have believed that so much depravity was in human beings. Exulting in the calamity which has thrown us among them, though pretending to sympathize in our distress, they would steal the wet clothes which we took from our backs and hung out to dry, and everything belonging to us which they could lay their hands on. They were really a set of harpies watching for their prey, and would actually take it from before our eyes, distressed and destitute as we were. Ere we left the island they stripped us of everything they could.

You, my dear sister, as well as myself, lost a number of valuable articles by our shipwreck, among which were the following: A keg of excellent currant wine, Josephus and some other valuable books, an elegant lace hat and a feather for your beaver, three honey-comb hats for the children, corresponding indispensables, coral and bells for Sarah Kollock, a hat like her mantle, aprons, handkerchiefs, and scarlet cloth capes for the children, dolls, little stockings and kid gloves, a handsome pair of moccasins for Judge Nash, aprons and bombaset frocks for the children, glass for your pitchers, garden seeds, &c., &c. I lost, besides my trunk of clothes, a large box of books, one of sweetmeats,

pickles, bedding, and a number of other articles; but our lives were preserved, and we desire to be thankful for this unmerited mercy. We remained on the island four days, then hired a vessel and with much difficulty got to Mr. Vail's three days after, where Miss Henry and myself were confined to our beds two days. We sent information of our situation to our friends here. Oh! how much they had suffered. They hired the cutter, and my husband, with Dr. Beckwith, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Henry, went down on it, reaching Mr. Vail's Tuesday evening. You can judge how agitating was our meeting. We left there the succeeding Sunday and reached home on Monday night. Pray for me, my dear sister, that I may never forget the great goodness of God; that the recollection of our imminent dangers and astonishing preservation may never, never be effaced from my mind, but that I may be enabled to devote to His service the life He has so wonderfully preserved. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? The sorrows of death compassed me; the pains of hell got hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow, then called I upon the name of the Lord, Oh Lord, I beseech thee deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord and merciful."

Mrs. King died in Hillsboro, and is buried here in our graveyard. Sallie Nash was named for her, and is the Sarah Kollock mentioned in this letter. I have copied it as an instance of the merciful providence of an unchanging God, and hope those who read it may be led to see that God is "ever gracious, ever wise."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

BY E. D. FAUCETTE.

On Thames Street, in London, there is situated a very neat stone house. There is nothing very striking about this structure, and, perhaps, it would not attract the attention of a passer-by, but I am sure we will be interested in it when we learn that it was the home of Geoffrey Chaucer, "the Father of Poetry."

He was born in 1340, and was the son of a vintner who was poor, but possessed all the qualities of a true gentleman.

England, at this time, was heavily burdened with wars with France, and literature had been sadly neglected, and even now literary culture could only be obtained through the medium of foreign tongues. Nearly all books were written in Latin, the language of the despised Saxon being considered too poor a dress for the speech of the Norman gentleman.

Soon the French and English languages began to mix, and the French was predominating with such rapidity that it threatened to entirely crush out the Saxon element. It was at this juncture that Chaucer came to the rescue. Dante had long ago laid down his pen, and his ashes were now mingling with the dust, but it was from his works that Chaucer first learned the range and power of poetry. Petrarca and Boccaccio were still living, and their sonnets were a delight to every soul. It was from the latter that Chaucer first learned to tell a story exquisitely. Chaucer was tender, graceful in thought, and humorous. Having read one of his poems you long for another. He abounds in Saxon words, but uses enough of classic origin to give dignity to his writings. He makes a great many classical allusions. "Chaucer was a prince whose fitness for the sceptre gave him a right to wield it, and the golden words he impressed with his own image and scattered among his countrymen,

were the medals of his coronation." He arose from one degree of excellence to another, until he is called "the Charlemagne of the new intellectual dynasty of England." His works are steeped in the nectar of the court; the perfume of chivalrous sentiment breathes from them all. His chief work was "The Canterbury Tales," only twenty-four of which are complete, the author having died before the work was finished. They are chiefly tales told by pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. One noticeable feature in Chaucer's writings is that he always makes his hero below his heroine, as, in "The Nun's Priest," Chanticleer is represented as haughty, conceited and cowardly. Chaucer's chief delight was in human nature. He was also fond of natural scenery, and often took long, solitary walks through woods and meadows. He was the first poet to admire the beauty of the daisy, and call it the "day's eye," or "eye of day"—comparing its inner yellow disk to the great golden orb of the sun, and the little white florets which surround this disk to the rays of light which the sun sends out on all sides. This was certainly a traveling of the poet's eye from earth to heaven, and linking together the small and great. "Chaucer welded together the French and English elements in the language, and made them into one English tool for the use of literature." The humor that brightens and enlivens his poems is of a most delicate character, like the scarcely perceptible perfume of the flowers of early spring.

Chaucer died in 1400, in a house under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, and there, in the "poets' corner" of that magnificent cathedral, the honored and sacred dust of our first English poet still lies.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

"I do not like that person; I don't know why I don't, but I don't," I heard a young lady remark about a stranger. I will tell you in one word—nervousness. All who are disagreeable in any way to others are nervous. Personal magnetism is the opposite characteristic of nervousness.

First, we will treat of nervousness: Enter a house where you are invited to meet a number of people. The host or hostess shuffles along towards you, and with an effusive, simpering manner, greets you nervously and says: "Glad to see you; make yourself at home now and entertain yourself;" leaving you and jerking off to greet another guest in the same manner. You wish you were at home. Your hostess is *well meaning*, but only nervous. She is not refined or cultivated. You meet a gentleman at the same entertainment; he flops into a chair, sinks into a slovenly attitude, crosses his legs, and proceeds to his part of small talk. In two minutes he changes his position; if he is conversing agreeably he makes one pull at his watch-guard, slips off his signet ring, makes frantic endeavors to pull his mustache out by the roots—he is doing his *best*, but he is a *social* failure, he is so nervous. A lovely bud near us is biting her lips and rolling up her handkerchief, fingering her bangs, patting her bracelets and twirling her fan, and trying to be agreeable. She is worrying everybody, young and old, that can see her—she is *nervous*.

One more example: Two ladies are surrounded by a group of friends. They are entertaining by conversing on some laughable subject. The story is ended and the girls throw back their heads and give such a loud, prolonged laugh that it startles the deaf gentleman in the card-room, who thinks it has *thundered* and a storm is coming up. Is this refinement? No, this is nervousness. Now what is refinement? Refinement is conducting one's self in such a

manner that nothing one does will be odious to others. *Refined* people *speak low.* Refined people move quietly. Refined people walk and sit in an elegant manner. Refined people cultivate personal magnetism. The great teachers of personal magnetism hand down their lessons to others. You may read all of the books written on physical culture, and you will not find these teachings in any book.

The father of personal magnetism in this age is Shaftesbury. He wagered that he could go in the Bank of London and by his manner make the clerk give change for a twenty pound note and he would only give him a five pound note. In his magnetic way he threw it down and the clerk handed him change for twenty instead of five. Laughingly he handed it back. "We never correct mistakes here," said the clerk. So Shaftesbury went home and wrote a check for the amount due.

Booth met a man in the flies surcharged with his magnetism. He had started for the foot-lights and his *look* knocked the man down. Sweeping on the stage in his grand manner, the audience was carried away by his inimitable acting, and he was greeted with storms of applause. He was not near enough to his audience to knock them down.

Here pipes in an unlearned skeptic: "I think personal magnetism is very dangerous for evil." (Sitting Bull said he did not want to learn to write, he might be a forger, because men who wrote sometimes forged notes). You can tell this skeptic the anecdote.

This brings us to the place now where we can offer a remedy for nervousness in reach of all. Learn to control yourself, then you can control others. First theory: Time yourself by the watch; keep the eyelids, the ends of the fingers and of the toes still for half a minute. Practice this three or more times a day; then one and a half minutes; either lying down or sitting or standing, keep them still. Practice sitting erect; now try to place the side of your chair against the wall and let your back be in a line with the

wall. Notice your companions, that is a good way to discover faults in yourself—see them in others, and the same faults look larger, are more easily seen. Stand with your toes, your nose and your chest touching the wall at the same time; then you are straight. Practice this ten times a day. Now for walking: walk on the ball of your foot and not on your heels. Throw rocking-chairs away. Do not knit; let your grandmother knit, it will make you nervous. Do not crochet, it will make you nervous; let your friends crochet, and buy your crocheting—spend that time in cultivating personal magnetism. Do not spoil your eye-sight by fine embroidery. What does it amount to in reality? It shows a little skill but makes you nervous. Better spend your time in housekeeping and reading. Cure yourself of nervousness.

A. W. L.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

London, June --, 1889.

My Dearest ———:

And so we are in Europe, in dear old Europe! We have left behind us for a time the land of the Stars and Stripes, and are treading the classical soil of the Old World. Ah, my dear, what a grand place is this little globe of ours! What marvels of nature and art are not here to be seen, and what is more apt than travel to widen our minds, increase our knowledge and gently shake off the dust that has accumulated on our brains?

We had a delightful trip across the ocean. The weather was fine and comparatively warm, and the vessel cut the waves in so smooth and rapid motions that there was none, or but little, cause for that most pitiful complaint, of which the very name is the dread of all voyagers. How grand to sit on the deck and see nothing but the sea and the sky as far as the eye can stretch! How delightful the air! It

strengthens both mind and body, and seems to pour the freshness of the sea into our whole being.

We reached Liverpool on the eighth day after sailing from New York, and started early next morning for Stratford-on-Avon. It is a charming place, calm and quiet, unpretending in its rural beauty. The Avon, which hurries through the little town, lends an aspect of fertility and freshness to the surroundings. There is something in the scenery, in the atmosphere, and I know not what, which seems to whisper to you that a great mind has lived and worked here.

Our first pilgrimage was to the little church where Shakespeare was baptized, and which contains his remains. His tomb is in the chancel, next to that of his wife, Ann Hathaway, the place being marked by a slab, bearing the well-known lines:

> "Good frend, for Jesvs sake forbeare
> To digg the dvst encloased heare,
> Blest be ye man yt spares the stones,
> And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

It is supposed that Shakespeare did not write these lines himself, as, indeed, their contents give no reason to presume. It is probable that they were productions in common use on tombstones at that time, caused, maybe, by the fact that just outside the church was an old charnel-house, or bone-house, into which, as new graves were dug, the bones thrown up were subsequently collected. However it be, these lines have watched over the poet's dust for nearly three centuries; and when it was once contemplated to remove his bones to Westminster Abbey, that they might rest among those whom his genius had inspired, the undertaking was given up in consequence of the inscription already referred to.

The real monument to Shakespeare is not the slab with its rhyme, but the bust on the wall above. It is in painted wood, and said to be a good likeness. I thought of Washington Irving, and the poetical description of his visit to

Stratford-on-Avon. He relates how the old sexton told him that the vault adjoining that of Shakespeare having fallen in, and workmen being employed to repair it, a watch was kept night and day at the tomb that no sacrilegious hand might touch the remains of the poet. The sexton further tells how he was one day overcome with curiosity and crept down to peep into Shakespeare's vault, but saw nothing but dust! nothing but dust! "I thought," adds Washington Irving, "that it was a great deal to have looked upon the dust of Shakespeare."

Near the entrance of the church is seen, kept under glass, the church record, opened at the page which shows that on April 26th, 1564, William Shakespeare was baptized here. The whole place, so full of reminiscences, has a singular effect on you, and it was with reluctant steps that we left the little church which summons travelers to its gates from everywhere on the globe.

Not far from Shakespeare's church is the residence of Mr. Flower, a brewer, with whom Oliver Wendell Holmes spent one week of his "Hundred Days in Europe."

We took dinner at "The Red Horse," where Washington Irving staid during his visit to Shakespeare's birth-place, and saw the poker, chair and clock immortalized since that time. In the room specially mentioned in the "Sketch-book," and now called the Irving room, the walls are hung with portraits of celebrated men and women, mostly writers and scenic artists who have come here to kneel at the shrine of Shakespeare.

On Henley street stands the house where Shakespeare was born. It is a quaint-looking little cottage in two stories. The room which you first enter is said to have been the kitchen, and here probably stood his father's loom. We passed into another room, and from here mounted a narrow stairway and entered the room where the poet was born. It has been repaired again and again, but the ceiling, and I think also the floor, they said, are genuine. I can assure

you, my dear, that it was strange to think that you stood in the room where Shakespeare had first come into the world. I think that the feelings of most visitors are those of reverence and gratitude.

A museum adjoins the house, and here is a desk from the grammar-school to which Shakespeare went. At just such a one he has probably taken his first lessons, and who knows if the acquirements of writing and spelling did not, at that period, seem a vast undertaking to our poet. His signet-ring and a letter addressed to him are here, and a great many other objects connected with Shakespeare's life.

We also paid a visit to the Memorial Building, which contains specimens of all editions, I think, with exception of the first, which have ever appeared of Shakespeare's works, and also of most translations known of. Here is a fine collection of engravings, illustrating a great many of Shakespeare's plays. I remember being particularly delighted with a beautiful conception of Rosalind, and with the illustrations to the Seven Ages of Man from "As you like it."

We left Stratford-on-Avon for Kenilworth, where we came at about sunset of a fine day. We wandered among its picturesque ruins, gracefully hung with draperies of ivy, thinking of Walter Scott's romantic story of Kenilworth, and trying to forget for a moment of what deceit, crime and cruelty these enchanting surroundings were once the scene. A line from Longfellow kept ringing in my ear:

> "Visions of the days departed,
> Shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
> They who live in history only,
> Seem to walk the earth again."

We sat down to rest on the ruins, and not feeling in the least inclined to weep, as Marius did on the ruins of Carthage, we looked with delight at the charming landscape before us; thought of Leicester and Elizabeth, and the splendor and pomp which had been seen within these moldering

walls. We did not forget, however, that this same Leicester, whose gallantry to his gracious mistress went so far as to stop all the clocks in the castle, and having the hand constantly pointing at the hour of banquet, kept at this very place, though at a later period, his legitimate wife, the unhappy Amy Robsart, in cruel confinement, and finally murdered her.

Our next stopping place was Oxford. We had but time to spend a few hours here, but managed to visit the University and a few colleges. The students, in their singular costumes, were hurrying to and fro. In one of the colleges a ball had been given the previous evening, and a grand affair it seemed to have been, to judge from what was yet left of the temporary arrangements. I thought of how many great men had worked and studied, equipping themselves for future battles with those dragons of the world, which we call ignorance and prejudice. I did not forget to think of "Robert Elsmere," and imagined I found the house where Langham had lived, and where Elsmere went to see him on the morning he had written the famous letter to Rose. And was not Grey's funeral procession moving slowly down the street, followed by the long line of mourners, who in him had lost the loving friend and the intellectual helper.

A little later we were on our way to London. London! of which Dr. Johnson says that "its happiness is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it." And it is, indeed, happiness to be here; happiness to think of what we have already seen, and of what remains to be seen.

We stay in a pleasant hotel in Holborn right opposite to Chancery Lane. Do you remember how Esther, in "Bleak House," when she has come to London to find her mother, says to Mr. Bucket, "But is not this Holborn?" To which he answers, "Yes, and here is Chancery Lane." And whom should she meet in this very street but her lover, Allan Woodcourt, who thought Esther at a distance of many miles at that moment. We have as yet had no such interesting

meetings in same Chancery Lane, and I can add that this long winding street, of which Pope says,

> " 'Long Chancery Lane, retentive rolls the sound,"

has not by any means the aspect of a place where lovers used to meet, and over which Romance seems to hover with special preference.

You will guess that the first place to which my traveling companions and I directed our steps was Westminster Abbey. I will borrow the words of Edmund Burke, and say that " The moment I entered Westminster Abbey I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred." It is grand, majestic, filling you with reverence and awe.

In the south transept is what is called The Poet's Corner. Here they lie, those great ones whose works have been to us all friends and companions—Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, up to our beloved Dickens; names telling of England's pride and glory for nearly five centuries. The most imposing monument in this part of the Abbey is that to Shakespeare. It represents the poet holding in his hand a scroll on which are these lines from " The Tempest:"

> " The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
> Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve;
> And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

Powerful words to read in such a place! Shall, then, this solemn temple itself, with its cloud-capp'd towers, one day dissolve and leave not a rack behind?

At the feet of the statue representing Shakespeare is buried David Garrick, the great actor and sublime interpreter of Shakesperean plays. Near the slab which marks the resting-place of Charles Dickens is a bust of Thackeray, whose remains are buried elsewhere. Also Longfellow's name is read here. Among the honored sons of England stands a

bust of the American poet, whose name, from beyond the ocean, has been summoned to "this silent meeting-place of the great dead."

The middle aisle of the Abbey is consecrated to the commemoration of statesmen. The space between the arches is filled with huge monuments, some of which are more apt to suggest figures of enormous sums to the mind rather than to excite admiration of their doubtful artistic value. Among the most famous names written here are those of Robert Peel, the three Channings, William Pitt, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, and many other "great men of past times who have filled history with their deeds, and earth with their renown."

In the chapels are the numerous tombs of the royalties of England. What display of brass, gilt, wood-carving and marble is not here to be seen! Many pages could be filled with only a description of the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, which is the finest and most renowned. It is crowded with angels, martyrs, prophets, apostles and saints. Every inch of it is art and workmanship, and some of the decorations exceedingly quaint in their näive conceptions.

We went yesterday to the British Museum and National Gallery and saw delightful things. What do you say to standing gazing at originals of Titian, Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Hogarth, up to Greuze and Poussin. Ah! my dear, life is, after all, not so bad if we have only opportunity to enjoy even but a small portion of the sublime things that are to be found around us.

It has truly been said that "a fine gallery of pictures is a palace of thought," for has not the very brilliancy of mind, with its exquisite ideas and variegated conceptions, created a structure high and spacious for the mind to dwell in, that we seem, from its towers and galleries, to look out over a whole world of joy and sufferings.

My letter is interrupted; will write from Paris. *Au revoir, mon amie,* and long live John Bull!

"A SEQUEL TO IVANHOE."*

Four years have passed since we looked our last on Ivanhoe and Rowena, and the rest of those illustrious personages of whom Sir Walter Scott gives such a graphic description in his famous novel, "Ivanhoe." We will first invite ourselves to the home of Ivanhoe and his lovely wife, and see how time has dealt with them.

Rowena is fair and beautiful as when we last saw her, but there is a pucker on the fair brow and a troubled expression on the sweet face that were not there in the days of yore, before she and Ivanhoe entered the state of matrimony.

Do you wonder what caused this change? Listen, and I will tell you. Rowena was, like many another wife, jealous of her husband, and it did not give her much pleasure to be disturbed in her peaceful slumbers at night by hearing him murmur the sweet name of Rebecca, coupled with some very endearing epithet, nor was it any more agreeable to have that damsel constantly held up before her as an example which she should follow. While, on the other hand, her husband was worried by hearing Athelstane's name mentioned in his wife's sweet accents more frequently than he altogether cared for, so that, taken as a whole, life at Rotherwood was not quite as enjoyable as might have been expected.

Meanwhile, Richard had again got into some kind of trouble—with some of his nobles this time—and, in consequence, there was a war, in which Ivanhoe of course took an active part. One day, just in the heat of the battle, Richard was just about to be killed by one of the enemy, when Ivanhoe, with his usual courage and noble self-forgetfulness, rushed in just in time to save the life of his royal master; but, alas! at the cost of his own, for the dart that was intended for

*Suggested to the writer on reading a review of Thackeray's famous burlesque, "Rebecca and Rowena."

Richard pierced the faithful heart of his devoted follower and he fell down, to all appearances, lifeless. In the meantime, we must see what effect this news had on his affectionate wife. Well, when the sad tidings reached her, the first thing she did was, like the loving wife she was, to wonder how long she would have to remain a widow, and if Athelstane would come to comfort and console her in her bereavement.

Late the next afternoon, Rowena was disturbed, when she was taking a nap, by the shrill notes of a bugle, mingling with the fierce barking of the faithful Fangs, and a few minutes later noble Athelstane was announced. Athelstane was standing the at the window thinking that his loved one was taking a very long time to complete her toilet, when he heard a soft rustle of silk, accompanied by a faint, delicious odor of some delicate perfume, which was exceedingly gratifying to his olfactory nerves, and turning around he beheld Rowena gliding into the room with the grace of a fawn, and looking more queenly and dignified than ever in her clinging robes of black. Her cheeks were very pale, and there were dark rings under the blue eyes and tears on the long lashes, which were, of course, the effects of her great sorrow on account of the tragic death of her idolized husband. But her beauty was only enhanced by these tokens of sorrow in the eyes of her visitor, and he thought what a model wife she was (poor, deluded man). The conversation ran principally on the sad events of the past day for awhile, and then Athelstane began to speak of the subject nearest his heart. "Rowena," he said, "I did not mean to speak to you about this matter when I came here to-day, but now I cannot go without learning what my fate is to be. My darling, you must have known for some time that I love you, so you will not be surprised when I ask you to be my wife." Rowena tried to look shocked at him mentioning such a subject so soon after her late husband's death, but failed in the attempt. and before Athelstane left she had promised to be his the

next day. A week has passed, and Athelstane and the gentle Rowena are one, so we will leave them for a little season and see what has become of Ivanhoe. When we last saw him he was apparently dead, but, as you have already guessed, it was only a swoon. When he again awoke to consciousness, he found himself in a room furnished with all the luxury of an oriental dwelling, while bending over him was a face which seemed strangely familiar, though it was some seconds before he could recall the name, and then all at once he recognized in the raven tresses and lustrous black orbs the lovely Jewess, Rebecca.

It may seem strange for her to be in England, but the reason was, that Isaac, her father, did not find his money to be so safe in Spain as he had imagined it would be, and was constantly suspecting the Spaniards of trying to deprive him of his precious gold, until at last life became unendurable, and he resolved to trust himself to the tender mercies of the English once more, and so it happened that Rebecca met Wamba when he was trying to carry his wounded master to some place of safety, and had him conveyed to the house she and her father were at present occupying, and where he had now been for a week, tenderly watched over by his patient nurse. A month passed before Ivanhoe was able to leave the house of Rebecca, and then he set out in search of his missing wife, whom he found in an inn in London. One night Rowena and her husband Athelstane were sitting in their private sitting-room when the door opened and Ivanhoe stood before them. With a wild shriek Rowena threw up her arms, exclaiming, "It his ghost! it is his ghost!" and then fell on the floor in a deadly swoon, from which she recovered only to have a severe attack of brain fever, which proved fatal. The next day the newly-made bridegroom was a widower and Ivanhoe was free. That same day Ivanhoe challenged his noble kinsman to a duel, in which the ill-starred nobleman was so ignobly defeated that his pride would not allow him to remain any longer in Eng-

land, so taking up his staff he set out on a pilgrimage to find a land where there was another Rowena, who hadn't a husband, and where they didn't fight duels, and, as far as I know, he is still seeking it.

Ivanhoe traveled for a year, and then decided to go and see if Rebecca had yet changed her name. He went and found she was the same Rebecca, with the exception that she had changed her religion and was no longer a Jewess, but a Christian.

One day Ivanhoe was out walking in the woods, thinking of Rebecca, and how patiently she had nursed him through both of his dangerous illnesses, which would have proved fatal had it not been for her tender care, when his eyes suddenly rested on the object of his thoughts reclining under the shade of a tree, with a sad, troubled expression on the sweet face, which pained him exceedingly, and then, when he went forward and inquired what was the matter, to see the dark eyes fill with tears was too much for him, and in another minute he was telling her the "old, old story;" but the scene that followed was too sacred for inquisitive eyes.

A month has passed, and one lovely day in June there was a quiet marriage in the little church, and when Rebecca came out she was the Lady of Ivanhoe. Among the first to congratulate the happy pair were Wamba and Gurth, the latter who was the possessor now of a pretty little wife and home of his own, but who had never forgotten his young master.

Several years have rolled by, and it is to the sunny land of Spain that we will now direct our steps. In beautiful Seville, with its stately homes, marble colonnades, fragrant trees and shrubs, and sparkling fountains, we will take one more look at the familiar faces of Ivanhoe and his sweet wife. Time has dealt very gently with them, and has only softened the brilliant beauty of Rebecca, and mingled a few silver

threads with the glossy black locks. So, thus surrounded by tall sons and graceful daughters, and everything to make

> "This earth a paradise,
> Like the Eden above."

we will bid a fond farewell to our friends, Ivanhoe and Rebecca. MARIE K. LAW.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S WOOING.

The pedagogue among his pupils had
A maiden fair,
He loved her; who would not? Her eyes were soft,
But turned to his with saucy glance full oft;
And when his tiresome Latin put her out,
Her pretty lips were all too prone to pout;
He longed to kiss them—love made him mad—
But did not dare.

One morn he met her on the way to school,
The hour was late;
Wait he would not, could not. Thus he sighed:
"Sweet maid, I prithee, be my beauteous bride,
Already hast thou marked, nor need I tell,
That I have loved thee long and passing well;
Nor time nor absence can my passion cool;
Let's conjugate?"

"Ah!" with arch modesty replied the fair;
"That would be fine;
But 'tis impossible, for as thou know'st,
Small stock of learning can thy pupil boast.
The first declension now absorbs my thought;
The verb I have not yet at all been taught,
I cannot conjugate; all I may dare
Is to decline." —*Selected.*

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY.

This little Magazine, which greets you for the first time, is simply what it claims to be, "Voices of Peace." It will tell of earnest girls, inspired with high aims and noble purposes, preparing for the broader arena that awaits them beyond these walls. It will speak of their work, their pleasures, their triumphs—earnest work, not the less useful that it suggests no "strains of martial music;" simple pleasures, but giving a zest that the queens of society might envy; bloodless triumphs, but as dear to the hearts of school-girls as the olive wreath that crowned Olympian victors. There will be echoes from the past; reminiscences of the founders of the school and of their co-laborers and successors; of alumnæ who endeared themselves to teachers and school-mates while here, and who have since won distinction in broader fields. Many of these now grace happy homes; many are laboring in some chosen calling. Many still linger near us; while others have wandered to distant States. From sunny skies and from snowy plains; from prairies and from mountains, will come letters telling us of their homes, their works, their travels.

We bespeak for this little sheet a cordial welcome, not only from those who love our *Alma Mater*, but from all who are interested in the higher education of women, and would see our girls keep abreast with those of other States. Although it reveals only school-girl life and opinions, we trust that the record of our work, our aims and aspirations may not be entirely devoid of interest to the general reader.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

The afternoon of Friday, Nov. 8th, being the anniversary of the "Country Fair," presented a scene of unusual excitement at Peace Institute. A profound mystery invested the regions of the calisthenic hall, which was to be the scene of action in the evening. Doors were locked and barred against all unwelcome intruders, while a favored few were busily engaged in transforming the dry and musty room into a place of charming and picturesque loveliness. At eight o'clock, on the sounding of a gong, a procession was formed in the chapel, which, moving with stately steps and slow, made its way to the hall. The doors were thrown open, the lights turned on, the orchestra crashed forth in harmonious tones the inspiring melody of "Johnnie, get your hair cut," and thus began the first act. Our eyes were at first dazzled by the brilliancy of the scene, but by degrees becoming accustomed to it we looked around.

Surely, the ancient myth concerning Proteus and his strange power of transforming himself into different shapes, was not so incredible as we had first supposed; and, without doubt, he had been at work here. Where were the pretty, stylish young misses of an hour ago? Not one of them visible,—and in their places our astonished eyes beheld strange, grotesque figures, some whirling in the gay and giddy mazes of the dance, some promenading with supernatural gravity up and down the room. The equality of races was something wonderful to contemplate, for stout negresses, as black as burnt cork could possibly make them, sauntered by us with their arms locked lovingly in those of their sisters of a fairer hue. The managers of this *fete* having remarked that the side-shows at the State Fair this year seemed to excite more interest and give more pleasure than anything else, profited by this observation, and the result

was that side-shows formed the most important and almost the only feature of this occasion.

Borne onward by the current, we presently found ourselves in front of a kind of booth or tent. The inmate of this tent proved to be a quaint old woman, whose dark, swarthy complexion, bright black eyes, and picturesque attire, all proclaimed her to be of the race Bohemian. She was busily engaged in examining the hands of a group of rustic maidens clustered 'round her, and painting their futures in roseate hues;—truly, the reckless prodigality with which she bestowed handsome husbands, gay young lovers, and colossal fortunes, implied that in her country such things must be as thick as musquitoes or flies, and as easy to catch.

We were next enticed into looking at the marvellous "F-I-E-R-Y—S-K-U-L-L," the sight of which was enough to give one the ague for a week. This wonderful prodigy was jealously guarded by a sable dame of Afric's sunny clime, who was zealously occupied in singing its praises: "*Here's your fiery* skull!" POSITIVELY THE ONLY FIERY SKULL IN THE WORLD!!" "Here, mistis; here's a sight your eyes never seed afore!" "*Here's your fiery skull!!!!!*" But these were not the only sounds which broke upon our ears; and cries of "*Here's your fat baby!*" "*Come see the tallest man in the world!*" soon drew us to another part of the room.

The fat baby, most assuredly, deserved to be classed among the wonders of the world. And as we gazed upon that Titanic monument of human flesh and feather pillows, our hearts overflowed with pity for the unfortunate victim whom fate had appointed to be its nurse.

By the aid of an opera-glass we could obtain a tolerably distinct view of the countenance of the tall man, and after ascertaining the state of the weather in the upper regions where he abode—or at least the most important part of him, his headquarters—we again turned our attention to the dance.

The music grows faster and wilder every minute, and faster fly the steps of the dancers, and more fantastic the figures appear. But while the revelry is at its height, a deep sound breaks upon our ears, causing the rose of pleasure to forsake each cheek and the light of joy each eye. It is that dreadful retiring bell; and looking into the passage we descry the pleasing countenance of trusty William, the janitor, and we know that our pleasures, like honest Tam O'Shanter's, have come to an end. There is a cry of dismay, a rush for the door, a scamper through the halls, and the curtain falls upon the comedy.

SOCIAL LIFE AT PEACE.

The social life of Peace begins with the evening meal. The young ladies, so busily occupied during the day with their studies, music and art, now throwing aside all cares and anxieties, give themselves up wholly to the enjoyment of the hour—and the flow of merry conversation, small talk and school-girl wit, mingling delightfully with the flow of tea and coffee, convert those homely beverages into nectar which even the gods might envy.

Supper over, the girls scatter over the building to engage in whatever pursuit or recreation is most congenial to them. Some betake themselves to the comfortable and cheery sitting-rooms, where, with reading, fancy-work, chess, checkers, backgammon, authors, &c., they pass many a pleasant hour. Others find it more agreeable to repair to the dancing-hall, where soon to the lively strains which some one's obliging fingers evoke from the piano, they are skipping over the floor through waltz, polka, reel and hornpipe, with more energy sometimes, it must be confessed, than grace or agility. However, that is a small matter, they will tell you—it is excellent exercise, a better tonic than any doctor could prescribe, and is, moreover, extremely "mellerin' to the organ."

Perhaps a phantom party is in the wind. Then it is, indeed, a gruesome sight to watch each "blessed ghost," carefully shrouded in a white sheet, stalk around the room exchanging greetings with its sister spirits, and—see! one is approaching you, it asks for the honor of your hand in the next quadrille. Now is the time, you poor, miserable sinner, to say your prayers; now is the time that the buttered roll which you, in a fit of abstraction, "lifted" from the supper-table, burns like a red-hot coal in your pocket—tell your beads, my friend!

It may be that we incline toward a little theatrical amusement. Then to the chapel we go, and proceed to render some of Shakespeare's plays in such a heartless, cold-blooded manner that the poor old gentleman's bones rattle with horror in his grave. Perhaps it is Longfellow, or Tennyson, who is the victim—at all events, enjoy it heartily and deal with all impartially. Then, if the night be fine, a merry party may be seen issuing forth on a starlight stroll, with opera-glasses and pocket telescopes to consider the wonders of the firmament; and if some one's glass brings a distant electric light within the range of vision, so much the better—a new planet is discovered.

At times, those of us who are of a romantic turn prefer to wander up and down the dimly-lit piazzas, listening to the soft, sentimental tones of the guitar calling forth to our minds enchanting pictures of moonlight and Spanish cavaliers, "while summer songs of love seem softly to creep o'er us."

Then there is another feature of social life, very enjoyable indeed, but which, dear friend, we must whisper in your ear, lest one of those dreadful teachers should hear us.

Ah! that pen could describe one of those glorious midnight feasts which, from time to time, enliven these stately halls, when some one "has a box!"

How exciting it is to slip from your room so cautiously, so softly, so stealthily—for if one of those lynx-eyed teachers should catch you, you are lost—and make your way to the place of rendezvous! What does it matter if your banquet-

hall is lit by one pitiful little tallow-candle, and if the table-cloth is only a pocket handkerchief, the plates curl-papers, the table silver one penknife, a two-pronged fork and an oyster can? It is perfectly delicious, and you would not change your somewhat perilous perch on the register, which does you duty for a chair, to share the seat of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands at one of her royal spreads. Then, too, the secrecy of the affair lends a charm to the whole occasion, and imparts an additional flavor to the very mince-pie which you are so ravenously devouring.

These are short sketches of quiet days spent at "Peace." But don't think, dear reader, that though being a world in ourselves we forget the outside world. There are eventful days when we throw open our doors and invite you all to pass the threshold of our classic halls. Though serving daily the wide-worshipped Minerva, we are sometimes seen to step down from our elevated abode and condescendingly engage in conversation that has its source in lower regions. Some among us even pretend that it is nicer to talk than to recite, nicer to listen than to study, and though having drunk of the inexhaustible well of learning which is daily fertilizing our minds, and though all hoping some day to become quite learned and very accomplished, we are as yet but school-girls, peeping at the outside world from behind our writing desks, wondering how it may be, and what are the glorious scenes in which we shall take our part when one day the school-gates are closed after us, and those of the world open before us. I have tried to tell you what is done and what is thought of at Peace. Words are but words, and my pen but slow and rusty, and so listen to my final words, all of you who have followed me thus far: If you are thirsting for knowledge and friendship, join us in our daily pursuits, be one of us, and you will find that within these walls there are lips ready to welcome you, bright smiles to greet you, and hearts ready to offer you their friendship.

Z. L. R.

LITERARY NOTES.

Whittier says he expects to live to the age of one hundred years.

Abbottsford, Sir Walter Scott's home, which has just been sold for a private residence, has become so popular a resort that the fees paid by tourists now exceed £400 a year.

The London *Athenæum* says: "Lord Tennyson's new volume is being kept back for the best of all reasons; he is writing for it some fine new poems." His powers of producing poetry are as vigorous as ever.

It has been proposed to make a book that would be indestructible, by printing in gold or silver letters upon thin leaves of asbestos, the binding to be of a thicker sheet of asbestos. Neither time nor fire could have any effect upon a volume of this kind.

Among the papers of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, a large number of poems have been found, many of which are of such excellence and finish that, in the opinion of his literary executors, they ought to be given to the world.

Charles Dean, the author and historian, who has just passed away at Cambridge, Massachusetts, had perhaps the most valuable collection of books pertaining to the early history of New England in existence. Harvard and Bowdoin Colleges had both given him the degree of LL. D.

The American Economic Association, Professor Ely, of Baltimore, Secretary, announces that $300 will be awarded for the best essay of "Women Wage Earners," and $200 for the second best essay. A year's time is allowed to write it, and it must not contain over twenty-five thousand words.

No book read aloud in our school this term, has created a more lively interest than *Looking Backward.* It is a book that makes one realize the inequalities of society; it forces us to think on the miseries of poverty and of this is born the desire to see wretchedness alleviated. The opening allegory is the strongest part of the book. Society is compared to a coach which the masses are dragging powerfully over a rough, hilly road; hunger is the driver and permits no lagging; on top are seated the favored few, who never get down, even in the steepest places, to lighten the load of their struggling brethren; seated in comfort, they enjoy the scenery or critically discuss the merits of the straining team. These places on top of the coach are in great demand, and to obtain one is the great end of life; but they are very insecure, and at every jolt some are thrown off, and then they are compelled to help drag the coach where

they once traveled so pleasantly. The agonizing efforts of the team under the pitiless lashing of the driver is distressing, and often calls forth sympathy from the passengers on top. They sometimes buy salve and liniment for the crippled and injured, but the main effect of this spectacle of misery is to enhance the value of these top seats, and believing themselves to be made of finer clay than the toiling, suffering throng at the ropes, their compassion is greatly mitigated. The Twentieth Century, from which the book claims to look backward, knows nothing of these inequalities and miseries. The government having taken control of all industries, divides the products of labor equally among all classes; there is no plethora of riches; no emptiness of poverty. The ingenious policy which organizes this great industrial army forms the chief interest of the book. Of course there are many wonderful inventions, but those who are familiar with the telephone, phonograph, electric light, natural gas, etc., cannot be surprised at any triumphs of ingenuity. The leading idea of the book is the great consolidation of capital and effort, concerted action against individualism. This is strikingly illustrated by the use of the umbrella. In the Nineteenth Century when it rains the people of Boston put up three hundred thousand umbrellas over three hundred thousand heads. In the Twentieth Century they put up one umbrella, in the shape of a continuous awning, over all the heads. The fact that the book has reached the hundred and twenty-second thousand edition is the best commentary on its popularity. Bellamy clubs are forming everywhere. In short, it is the book of the day, bright, entertaining and instructive.

LOCAL ITEMS.

EDITORS. { MISS MAGGIE SMITH.
MISS GENA ROWLAND.

CHRISTMAS.

COMING!

COMING!!

COMING!!!

OPERA.

OH, that Psychology Examination!

MISS MARY ROUSE spent a few days at her home in LaGrange last week.

WE are happy to have with us the Rev. Dr. Morton and wife.

MISS MADGE MOREHEAD has left us to spend Christmas in Savannah.

WE regret very much the illness of our beloved pastor, Dr. Watkins.

SOIREE given Wednesday evening by Misses Kirkland and Faison, was very enjoyable.

MISS ANNA BURWELL is spending the Christmas holidays with Miss Claud Holt, of Charlotte.

MISSES FANNIE BURWELL, Madge Morehead and Mable Tomlinson, spent Thanksgiving at their respective homes.

WE welcome Dr. Burwell home again, after a visit of several weeks to his son, Mr. Armstead Burwell, of Charlotte.

MR. FIFE, the "Drummer" Evangelist, has been conducting meetings in the Baptist Tabernacle. Much interest has been manifested.

THE old Presbytery of Orange has been divided; and Albemarle, the new Presbytery thus formed, held its first meeting in Goldsboro the 20th of November. Dr. Watkins was in attendance.

AN amiable and cultivated family, residing in one of the best localities in Paris, wishes to take one, or at most, two young ladies as boarders. For further reference, address Miss Josephine Schmidt, Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C.

AT a recent oratorical contest for one of the Demorest medals in the State of Minnesota, the judge awarding the medal referred to North Carolina as the banner State for medals, and said five hundred had been awarded here. This is certainly gratifying to our State pride, and we would be glad to know more of the matter. Can any one tell us of these oratorical contests, and who have seen the medals?

I WAS of humble origin; I first saw the light in a baker's shop, but scorning my narrow bounds I found my way to the street; I glared at happy homes, men, women and children fled shrieking from them; I laid my finger on lordly halls and lofty palaces, they crumbled beneath my desolating touch; I stopped on London Bridge, and its ponderous timbers fell groaning into the flood beneath; I climbed the dome of St. Paul and tore it from its proud height; for days I rioted in destruction, yet I came more in kindness than in wrath. What am I?

FOR a month the Peace girls had been looking forward to the concert to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club on the evening of November 29th. When the time came we went expecting to hear good music,—but what we did hear was such as Euterpe might have made, when in her most melodious mood she touched the strings of the mystic lyre, and held the souls of mortals spell-bound. First a thrill and then

a sigh, then a note of joyous exultation,—now the rise and fall of a rich cadence,—now a strain low and sweet of a lullaby. The "Slumber Song" seemed to be the most pleasing of all the selections. One movement was soft, as if played by fairy hands in the far distance, yet so sweet and clear that every note was heard. The rendering of "Home," a violin solo, filled the hearts and eyes of many,—with so much tenderness was it played you could almost hear the words. When the last strains died away it was hard to realize that we were really in the work-a-day world. If such music can be made on this side of the stars, what must it be on the other!

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

MISS NETTA HARDISON.

MISS BERTHA KNOX is teaching music in Salisbury.

MISS CORA BEAVERS of '89, is teaching art in Cary.

MISS JULIA GRAY, class of '89, is teaching in Lexington.

MISS MARY LONG, class of '81, is teaching in Minneapolis.

MISS SHELLIE SMITH of '82, is married, and lives in Madison, Fla.

MISS ANNIE PATTERSON, class of '89, is teaching in South Carolina.

MISS LOULA CRAWFORD is married to Mr. Rufus Horton, and is living in Raleigh.

MISS CARRIE HULL married a North Carolinian, and lives in Jacksonville, Florida.

MISS ALVES LONG, of Minneapolis, class of '82, spent the summer in North Carolina.

MISSES MARY ASHLEY and SADIE KIRBY are teaching in Statesville Female College.

MISS MEDDIE STEWART, class of '89, is teaching at Floral College, Robeson County.

MISS LIZZIE CAMPBELL of '82, has lately returned from Canada, where she has been teaching.

MISS MATTIE ROUNTREE of '86, was married to Mr. James Rouse, of Kinston, October 17th, 1889.

MRS. HARRIS (*nee* Kerr Morehead), is visiting Mrs. Battle, of Raleigh. She was at the Institute yesterday.

MISS LIZZIE BELLAMY, class of '89, has charge of the chapel in the Murphy Graded School of this city.

MISS MAY SORLEY of '82, is still enjoying "single blessedness." The last we heard of her she was in San Francisco.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

—A hen recently fell into a hot spring in Yellowstone Park. She laid boiled eggs for a week.—*Davie Times.*

—Half a loaf is better than no vacation at all.—*Davie Times.* Echo answers, "Them's my sentiments, tew."

—The Czar of Russia is ridding himself of his relatives at a lively rate. He has ordered the Prince of Oldenburg to amuse himself in some other country for a year, and it is not long ago that he bounced his brother, the Grand Duke Alexis.—*Davie Times.*

—The late Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, left a fortune of $100,000, all earned by her pen. Miss Booth was a prolific and patient writer, and her success, as most successes are, was earned by steadfast, patient endeavor rather than impulsive genius.—*Davie Times.*

—One of the latest social innovations, says an English paper, is the female butler, a parlor maid in livery. A good-looking girl in livery of dark blue, green and gold, or scarlet and white, looks very smart, and the waiting is, as a rule, done more quietly and deftly than by a man. This opens out a new field of employment for women.—*Davie Times.*

ROLL OF HONOR

OF

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TEMPE BETTS,
IFFIE BOWEN,
LETA BOWEN,
NANNIE BOWEN,
DAISY BRANSON,
MAGGIE BURKE,
SUSIE CLARK,
LILLIE COVINGTON,
MAUDE FLEMING,
EMILY FULLER,
WILLIE BROWN GRAVES,
MATTIE GILL,
SADIE HAMER,
NETTA HARDISON,
MAMIE HEARTT,
EMMIE FAUCETTE,
HATTIE HOWARD,
GRACE JOHNSTONE,
MARIE LAW,
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HELEN MALLOY,
MAY MALLOY,
NELLIE MASSEY,
ANNA MCKIMMON,
MAUDE MERRIMON,
MARY MILLS,
MAY ROUSE,
GENA ROWLAND,
NELLIE SCHIVELY,
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MISS N. HARDISON, MISS G. ROWLAND,
MISS M. ROUSE, MISS E. FAUCETTE.

MISS N. Y. BURKE, BUSINESS MANAGER.

"TO BE AND NOT TO SEEM."

CONTENTS:

		PAGE.
Woman in History	IRENE MCKAY.	47
Imposing Oratorical Display	H. T. BURKE.	56
Co-education at Cornell	W. A. WITHERS.	64
Recollections of the Peace Institute Mission Society	E. V. P.	69
Letter from Paris		73
Chronicles of Peace		80
EDITORIAL:		
Alice in Wordland		84
Robert Browning		89
Anacreon		91
Literary Notes		92
Local Items		93
Conumdrums		95
Alumnæ Notes		95
Died		96

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"TO BE AND NOT TO SEEM."

WOMAN IN HISTORY.

The subject of woman, her past, present and future, is one which has ever interested the world, because of its vast importance, and because it is a topic on which all mankind feels fully competent to advance opinions.

There is nothing which, in this nineteenth century, we hear more frequently and exhaustively discussed than woman's sphere, her duties, opportunities and capabilities. It is indeed time that these questions should be agitated if they will lead to any good results, as they can hardly fail to do if considered calmly and dispassionately by the clear light of this reasonable age. When we look back over the secular history of the world in all ages and nations, we cannot fail to be struck with the very inferior place held by women as a class. The sacred record tells us of some noble and self-reliant ones, so true, so courageous, so faithful, that they were thought worthy to have their names and deeds perpetuated with those of martyrs and prophets for the instruction and example of all succeeding generations. We are told of the beautiful Miriam; of the fair Esther, who from the splendor of a throne could look down in compassion on the oppression of her despised race and stoop from her high place to help

them; of that daughter of the royal house of Egypt, whose heart was yet so tender and womanly that out of pity for a helpless infant she saved the life of him who was thought worthy to stand upon the thunder-riven peaks of Sinai and receive from the hand of God the law of the world; of Jephtha's daughter, the innocent maiden who went uncomplainingly to her death at her father's word; and of Ruth, the gentle Moabitess, the beautiful and simple story of whose life, as has been appropriately said, "Lies like a precious jewel between the ermine of the Judges and the purple of the Kings." Many more might be mentioned, but these are sufficient, as the embodiments of those chief characteristics of womanly perfection: beauty, courage, tenderness, obedience and fidelity. After this there is a long period of darkness. With each decade men drifted farther and farther from the high standard of morals to which they had once, in a measure, conformed, and, with woman esteemed a slave, oppressed by tyranny and barred from every opportunity offered the other sex, the ebb-tide of degradation was reached. Yet even with these disadvantages she could not entirely lose all the noble qualities which God had given her, and we see here and there against the blackness of this darkest night of her history the light of some woman's heroism and self-sacrifice. The day to the slaves of this worse than Egyptian bondage was long in coming. Its first harbingers were the angels who, on that glad night, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, sent forth over the starlit Judean plains the tidings of the coming of the Great Deliverer whose mission it was to help the helpless, to uplift the world, and to set free the captive bound in the strong chains of custom and prejudice as well as those of sin. From the time when the religion He taught brought forth fruit in the hearts of men, the tide turned in the favor of the down-trodden class, and they were exalted to a far higher place than before. "Women," said Henry Ward Beecher, "are a new race, re-created since the world received Christianity." Hitherto men had not known

much of the best of her nature—those highest virtues which she possessed in their perfection were to them meaningless terms and unknown qualities. Is it any wonder that to this religion, which meant emancipation for her, woman should always have shown such constant loyalty and unswerving devotion? During the time when the early Christians were persecuted and met death by torture in the many forms which their enemies devised, or faced enraged beasts in the arena to furnish a spectacle for a Roman holiday, women were among the most steadfast adherents of the new faith. For it timid, shrinking, loving women could give up all they held most dear and calmly await death, unheeding the clamor of the fierce multitude as eager for their blood as were those who had cried, "Crucify Him!" "Crucify Him!" of their Lord and Master. In all the history of womankind there is no more heroic chapter than this, and nothing could have more convinced those opposed to Christianity of its divine origin than this testimony of its power to strengthen those natures so weak.

As we come down from that far-off time when women first began to receive in a measure the deference which was their due, we can trace the great influence which they exerted on the world. Each country preserves in history or legend the names of women who, directly or indirectly, have wrought great changes for good or evil. Sometimes they have been by those who held the highest rank among the great ones of the earth, but often the greatest reforms the earth has ever seen have been accomplished by those on whose brows never sparkled the gems of an earthly diadem, whose only crown is one which "fadeth not away," and whose only memorial is their works, "which live after them." When we speak of woman in connection with history there are some of whom we think at once. Among the countries where women have greatly influenced the affairs of the State, and which has a long list of female celebrities, is France. Through all the phases of its unstable governments they have, in a measure, con-

trolled it, and many of them were such as any nation might be proud to claim. It is well indeed that a country whose fair fame has been stained by the crimes of a Catherine de Medici should also have on its record names like those of Madame Roland and the Princess de Lamballe. The first of its heroines whose memories are preserved in song and story is that one whose life was so strange and pathetic, Joan of Arc, the wonderful Maid of Orleans. There is something which is very touching in the tale of this shepherd girl, spending her life in the spreading forest or on the pleasant plains, and living so near to Nature's heart that she thought the voice of its God had reached her ears and bidden her save her beloved country. In obedience to the command the maiden left her simple occupation, her native valley, where the harshest sounds which she had ever heard were the sighing winds, the murmuring brooks, the songs of birds, and the other voices with which Nature speaks to those who love her. These she exchanged for the stir of camp and court, the temporary occupation of a high place, a brief period of triumph, a loss of success, a cruel death sentence, which neither her youth nor helplessness could prevent her implacable enemies from executing, and a name and fame which will last as long as the country for which she sacrificed all.

Another French woman who, in the later years of its troubled history, gave her life for her fellowmen and gained a place among historic women was Charlotte Corday. In murdering the tyrant Marat she thought she was rendering a service to humanity, and if the crime was dreadful, she suffered for it the extreme penalty of the law. She showed the world what a woman rendered desperate by the wrongs of others could do.

A singular fatality seems to be attached to the Empresses of this country who have been prominent enough to have a lasting place in its record. We are all familiar with the sad story of Marie Antoinette, the fair young princess taken from a happy home-life to a strange land, bitterly hated for crimes

for which she was not responsible and finally slain. Equally well known is that of Josephine, raised from her humble rank by the great First Consul to reign for a few years over his Empire, and then, with her crown removed by the hand which had bestowed it, to pass the lonely years at Malmaison, watching from afar off the downfall of the man whom she still loved, whose sun of glory began to sink in the dark cloud of defeat almost as soon as he sacrificed love for ambition. Saddest of all, perhaps, is the fate of the last occupant of the ill-fated throne, the Empress Eugenie, who, during her brief reign, dazzled the world by the glittering splendor of the imperial court and ruled men at her will. The remembrance of those happy, careless years must now be a very "sorrow's crown of sorrow" to the lonely widow and the bereaved mother.

If I had time I might mention many other French women who are distinguished in various ways. I might speak of Madame Récamier, who ruled by a powerful intellect and great personal fascination; of authoresses like George Sand and Madame de Stael, who left the impress of their works upon the minds of men; of artists like Rosa Bonheur, that great genius who counts all obstacles nothing in the pursuit of her art, and of the women who, in various ways, have left a lasting impression on the country.

I have spoken especially of France as being a country where they have been more influential in altering the political affairs of the government than any other; but all the countries of Europe have had their noted women who have been made famous in prose and verse from the time when "burning Sappho loved and sung" to the present day, and their combined power has been incalculable. Through the Dark Ages, when religion seemed to live only in convents, it was woman who, by her love, truth and devotion, kept before the world the grand principles of her faith, and cherished a high and noble code of honor. Ruskin says that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was

not a mere caprice of romantic fashion. "It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails."

There is a striking contrast, which may be generally observed, between the famous women of foreign and English-speaking nations, and it is one which gives us an insight into the different characters of the people. Those of the former worship at the shrine of intellect. A great mind, undisciplined though it be, of reputation not always unsullied, and character far from perfect, can still, with them, command admiration. With the latter, even great genius cannot cover such a multitude of faults—it must be united with a true heart and a noble life. England can point with pride to many of its historic women from Elizabeth to Victoria. On its long list appear the names of many whose names are known in every household; and as to Englishmen there is inspiration in belonging to the race of Raleigh, Sidney and Wellington, so English women should find a continual incentive to noble deeds in having had such country-women as Margaret Roper, Caroline Herschell, Mrs. Browning, Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale.

America, we are told, is a country without a past, but as it seems to be one destined to furnish a glorious future we are content. Even in our brief history as a nation there are interwoven the names of some women whose memories we may well cherish. As in this grand new world men have risen from the lowliest beginnings to high eminence, so here we hope, in time, to see woman, freed from many of the obstacles which bar her progress in other lands, rise to the highest point of physical and intellectual cultivation. Many are the disadvantages she has had to overcome, and many are still before her. The idea of her great inferiority is far too deeply implanted in the minds of mankind to be easily eradicated. They have their ideas of what her sphere (that

much abused phrase) is—to go beyond which is to transgress the laws of womanly delicacy and refinement. Says George William Curtis: "I know of no subject upon which so much intolerable nonsense has been written, and sung, and, above all, preached, as the question of the sphere of woman, and what is feminine and what is not, as if men necessarily knew all about it." Some of the severe critics might find much food for thought in this paragraph. The ideal woman of the ordinary man is that which Milton depicts as famed for "softness and sweet, attractive grace." This style of person may have been admired in his time, and it is no wonder that he, with his unpleasant experience of anything but a sweet and even-tempered wife, considered this amiable characterlessness a virtue. But, in this eminently practical age, a woman needs some occupation, some definite aim, to render her successful and to give shape and purpose to her life, instead of passing a few brief years of butterfly existence and sinking into unlovely and unloved old age, without the consciousness of one life having been helped or one soul made better by her efforts. We cannot help feeling that the Dora Spenlows of blooming youth would not be pleasant, strong characters to contemplate in middle age, and are rather inclined to prefer the Betsy Trotwoods, who, even if abrupt and rough, still furnish an energetic and refreshing contrast. I have said that every woman needs an occupation. This does not mean that they are fitted to enter all the professions open to men, as some hold, but they certainly have a right to claim far more opportunities than they do; to demand for equal labor equal remuneration, and to have opened to them the advantages of culture and education equal to those offered to men, and which should render them wholly independent. No human being has attained to the full strength and vigor of a rounded character who is not able to make his or her way in the world. Women are not encouraged to do this. They are, out of mistaken kindness, taught from their youth up—or rather allowed to think by

not being taught the contrary—that their whole duty is simply to make themselves as attractive as possible in every respect. To this end hundreds of dollars are spent in teaching girls to acquire a few superficial accomplishments (so called)—to speak and read a little French, a little German, to play a few tunes on a piano, to know a little of art, and this, combined with what knowledge of the other branches they may happen in the meantime to gain, is called by courtesy an education, and this is the outcome of our boasted civilization! It would be an excellent thing if, in these days, when we hear so much of "higher education" for girls, we could hear more, not of an advanced system, but of a thorough and practical one. Says Kate Stevens, in an article in a recent *Forum;* "Up to the second half of the eighteenth century American girls had little opportunity for education. At this time, in the common schools of Hartford, Conn., for instance, the pupils were taught spelling, reading and writing during one-half, one-fourth or one-sixth of the year. In addition to this, the boys—not the girls—were sometimes instructed in the first four rules of arithmetic. The laws of Connecticut had declared that all children were to be taught in the public schools, but, as now-a-days the phrase 'the people' in the Constitution of the United States is interpreted to mean 'all men,' so 'all children' seemed to be thought to mean 'all boys.'" To my mind it is doubtful whether, after all, these girls, with their meagre knowledge of books, did not have, in many respects, the advantage of us. No doubt they could spin and weave; they knew everything that could be taught about household affairs, and were better fitted to take care of themselves than are the girls of to-day. Of course they missed many intellectual pleasures which would have accompanied higher mental culture, but I am speaking now from a strictly practical standpoint. We should remember, too, that this strict course did train minds of unusual strength, and under this discipline grew such women as the mothers of Washington and Adams, and hosts

of others. Can we point to any such examples of the excellence of our present system of education? A question which demands the deepest consideration is, What effect will the style of woman now being evolved from the noble types of the past have upon our future history? Ruskin says, in his lecture on "Queen's Gardens," "You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then blame them for their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers, appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them, and teach them also that courage and truth are the pillars of their being. The whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture, in not daring to let them live or love except as their neighbors choose." This state of things will not always continue. As we "sweep into the younger day" of civilization and advancement great changes will be made and great reforms effected.

> "Not in vain the distance beacons Forward,
> Forward let us range;
> Let the great world spin forever
> Down the ringing groves of change."

When we have gone back over the dusty pages of history and retold the stories of the world's Elizabeths and Isabellas, of its Catherines and Maria Theresas, when we have recounted the deeds of Cleopatra, of Semiramis, of Zenobia, we cannot help feeling that we have told but a very small part of the influence of woman in history. In Nature it is not the sudden upheavals which give lasting form and beauty to the earth. These, indeed, may assist in forming the basis, the foundation; but it is those silent forces working noiselessly, unceasingly, forever, which mould the rugged outlines into symmetry and loveliness. So in history it has not always been the noted women whose names the world knows, and of whose deeds it has kept account, who have had the greatest effects upon it. It has rather been the combined influ-

ences of hundreds and thousands of those most perfect, since most womanly, who have never appeared upon its stage, but have lived lives so pure, so brave, so beautiful that all life has been purer and stronger thereby: "The women who have never led but only guided, and who have been the very conscience, the inspiration, of those who loved them, leading them, as in that grand dream of Dante's poet-soul, Beatrice led her lover, step by step, to the gates of Paradise at last." These have made the true homes of the world, however lowly, however humble, and ruled its events through those they loved. To quote once more from Ruskin: "The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than if ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless."

IRENE MCKAY.

IMPOSING ORATORICAL DISPLAYS.

BY H. T. BURKE, A. M.

The speech of Judah before Joseph in Egypt, when he begged to be kept as a slave in Benjamin's place, is one of the most pathetic in the Bible, or elsewhere. No one can read it unmoved.

Demosthenes' oration on the Crown is pronounced by Lord Brougham "the most perfect oration of the most perfect orator."

Philip of Macedon had defeated the Athenians at Chæronea in a decisive battle. The measures of Demosthenes taken to resist Philip had been unsuccessful. Æschines and his faction of the Athenians took this occasion to revile

the great orator, and threatened him with impeachment. The friends of Demosthenes deemed it expedient to procure a public acknowledgment in favor of Demosthenes as the best means to silence his accusers.

It was usual with the Athenians and other Greeks, when they would express their sense of extraordinary merit, to crown a person so distinguished with a chaplet of olive interwoven with gold. This ceremony was usually performed in a popular assembly after proclamation of the honor intended and of the reasons for which it was conferred. Demosthenes had lately expended a portion of his own money in repairing the fortifications of Athens. Therefore, his friend Ctesiphon moved a decree in the senate which recited the merits of Demosthenes and ordained that a "golden crown" should be conferred upon him. The senate adopted the decree. It was then necessary that it should be ratified by the people. Before this could be done, Æschines brought suit against Ctesiphon as the mover of a decree repugnant to the laws, in that Demosthenes had not made a report of his administration and of his disbursement of the public money; in that the proposed crowning was to take place in the theatre of Bacchus instead of the popular assembly, and in that the assertions of the public services of Demosthenes were not true. This prosecution of Ctesiphon, the friend of Demosthenes, was commenced in the year of the battle of Chæronea, and lasted eight years. While Alexander was making his expedition into Asia, 334–323 B. C., the Athenians had leisure to decide the contest between the great statesmen. Before a tribunal of probably five hundred judges, before the great body of the intellectual and liberty-loving Athenians, and before vast numbers from all parts of Greece, Demosthenes pleaded for his crown. His consummate oratory and, perhaps, the justice of his cause, won the victory. His rival, Æschines, loaded with the costs of the suit, was driven into exile. He retired to Rhodes, where he opened a school of eloquence. He read to his pupils the two

orations. His own was received with approbation, that of Demosthenes with tumultuous applause. "And how," said he, "must you have been affected had you heard him deliver it?"

The next orator in time, perhaps in merit, is Cicero. His orations against Catiline are best known. He is so well known that we will dismiss him with the remark that not alone in finished oratory did he excel, but as a writer and philosopher. His works are a mine of intellectual worth, "Fountains from which we may draw what we would say."

The next display of oratory we will notice is the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and Macaulay will furnish us the description. In the year 1497, Vasco du Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope and cast anchor off the City of Calicut on the 20th of May, 1498. In the year 1500, Cabral, with thirteen ships and twelve hundred soldiers, was despatched on a second expedition. In 1502, Pope Alexander VI, by a bull, constituted the King of Portugal "lord of the navigation, conquests and trade of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India." From 1500 to 1600, the Portuguese enjoyed a monopoly of Oriental trade. In 1602, "The Dutch East India Company" was formed, and the Dutch in a few years established numerous factories in India and other places. In 1758, Clive sounded the knell of Dutch supremacy in India. Between 1781 and 1811, England wrested from Holland all her colonies. On the 31st of December, 1600, the English East India Company was incorporated by royal charter under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London Trading to the East Indies." The battle of Plassey was fought on June 23, 1757. History adopts this date as the beginning of the British Empire in the East. In 1758, Clive was appointed the first Governor of all the Company's settlements in Bengal. From 1772 to 1774 Warren Hastings was Governor of Bengal; from 1774 to 1785 he was the first Governor General of India. Warren Hastings organized the empire which Clive founded. During his term of office

England lost her American colonies. Hastings was succeeded as Governor of India by Lord Cornwallis. For the manner in which he administered the government of India, Hastings was impeached by the British House of Commons before the House of Lords sitting as judges. We quote: "There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization, were now displayed with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backwards, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the Constitution were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshiping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantaganets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the princely house of Oude. The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inaugurations of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had, for a moment, awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp were wanting, The avenues were lined with

grenadiers, the streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy Lords, three fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the Realm; by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous for his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated around the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine

from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had, in secret, plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against prelace and treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

"The Sergeants made proclamation, Hastings advanced to the bar and bent his knee. The culprit was, indeed, not unworthy of that great presence.

"His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession. But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and seats for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so disregardless of his appearance, had paid the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and a sword. The box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers, such as, perhaps, had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers; but, in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every other orator, ancient or modern.

"The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the Clerk of the Court, a near relative of the venerable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the Court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought, and a splendor of diction, which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration, even from the stern and hostile Chancellor; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and, perhaps, not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, 'Therefore,' said he, 'hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name

of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

In the same case Sheridan spoke two days, and the hall was crowded to suffocation. Fifty guineas were paid for a single ticket. The trial began in 1788, and was concluded in 1795. Hastings was acquitted.

One more quotation from Macaulay is too good to be omitted. On the part of the defence "It was said that at Benares, the very place at which the acts set forth in the first article of impeachment had been committed, the natives had erected a temple to Hastings, and this story excited a strong sensation in England. Burke's observations on the apotheosis were admirable. He saw no reason for astonishment, he said, in the incident which had been represented as so striking. He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew that, as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines, not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder. Nor did he at all dispute the claim of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon. This reply has always struck us as one of the finest that ever was made in Parliament. It is a grave and forcible argument, decorated by the most brilliant wit and fancy."

The last specimen of oratory we shall mention, and the best known, is the oration of Antony over Cæsar's dead body. As given in Shakespeare it is consummate, inimitable. It attains the design of an oration—it persuades—it drives the multitude into a frenzy of rage—it causes the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. As delineated by Shakespeare, Antony displays knowledge of human nature, tact, and eloquence. Like Cicero, he disavows oratorical

skill, and is, "As you know me all, a plain, blunt man." The oration, as actually delivered, appealed to human nature from a different point of view.

The Romans believed in many gods. Romulus had been carried to the stars. The dead heroes of Greece and Rome still live in the names of our constellations. Antony, seizing the idea that the bleeding clay before him is no longer human but divine, addresses the dead body after the manner of the priests when adoring the immortal gods. "Thou, Cæsar, alone was never worsted in battle. Thou alone hast avenged our defeats and wiped away our disgraces. By thee the insults of three hundred years stand requited. Before thee has fallen the hereditary foe who burned the city of our fathers." The people caught the idea. They cried out, "Let us burn the body in the holy place."

The empire of the world was the prize at stake. The oratory of Antony won that prize.

CO-EDUCATION AT CORNELL.

W. A. WITHERS.

Till within the past twenty years public attention has been only slightly turned to the question of the higher education of women, and that for awhile not very favorably. Women, however, have been demanding the opportunity to show their worthiness for this higher education, and at last abundant opportunities have been given them in some sections. The strictly women's colleges, of which Vassar, Wellesley and Bryn Manor are well known examples, may be taken as one class. The annex system, as the Harvard annex to Harvard, Barnard College to Columbia, and Evelyn College to Princeton, gives the women the opportunity of receiving

instruction from the Faculty in the institutions to which the annexes belong. The women have their own recitation rooms, laboratories, &c., and are not brought into contact with the main student body at all. In the strictly co-educational institutions as Oberlin, Michigan, and Cornell, the women are admitted to all the rights and privileges of the institutions, and attend the same lectures, laboratories, seminaries, &c., as the men.

When Ezra Cornell had in view the founding of the institution which bears his name, he expressed his desire of what it was to be in the single sentence, long since famous, "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." Immediately after its opening in 1868, some ambitious women began to look towards Cornell as a place in which they might become students. Miss Susan B. Anthony and others took an active part in urging the matter and made speeches in Ithaca on the subject. Mr. Cornell, with his broad views, did not oppose the matter, and all came to the conclusion that women were "persons," but advised them not to enter, as no dormitories had been provided for them. During the years following, these applications became more and more numerous, and with them the increased difficulty in deterring these enthusiastic ones from their desire. In this dilemma the Hon. Henry W. Sage made a proposition to give to the university two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with the only condition that the trustees would "provide and forever maintain facilities for the education of women as broadly as for the education of men." A committee, consisting of the Hon. Andrew D. White, president, and Mr. Sage, investigated the matter thoroughly, visited institutions where the system existed, and reported favorably on the matter. After due consideration the gift of Mr. Sage was accepted, and on February 23d, 1872, (nearly four years after the opening of the university) a resolution was passed admitting women on the same terms as men, except that they must be seventeen years old. A large and mag-

nificent building known as Sage College was erected on the university grounds for their special accommodation. It is sufficient for about one hundred and twenty students, and contains, besides the living apartments, the parlors, dining-rooms, gymnasium for women, botanical lecture-room, conservatories, &c. It commands a beautiful view of the university grounds, the professors' cottages, the lake, the city, &c. It is very near Sage Chapel and Barnes Hall (Christian Association building), and is not far distant from the other university buildings.

During the remainder of the year 1871-'72, only one woman entered. She was from Massachusetts, and had spent two years at Vassar. She was graduated from Cornell with the class of 1873 at nearly twenty-three years of age. In the following fall eighteen were enrolled, and from this time the number gradually increased till 1876, when fifty-nine were in attendance. For the following seven years there was only a very slight variation in the numbers, and in 1883 there was a sudden decline to forty-seven. From this time, however, there has been a steady and somewhat rapid increase till the present year, in which we have 150 enrolled—the whole number of students of both sexes being 1,323. These numbers have far exceeded the fondest expectation of the strongest advocates of the movement, and now Sage College, like nearly every department of the university, is crowded to its utmost capacity. Ample provision, however, will be made to meet these difficulties. The women have usually made up about ten or eleven per cent. of the whole number of students. In 1881-'82, however, when the university reached its lowest numbers, they made up nearly sixteen per cent.

At present to be a "co-ed," (for such they are called for short) requires little more than a firm resolution to hard study and the following of well-established customs. They have borne themselves with a becoming grace and dignity, and their presence on the grounds and in the class-rooms attracts no more attention or comment than on the street or

in the theatre or church. At first, however, this was not true. There was a somewhat strong sentiment against co-education in the minds of the public and also in the student body. It had been claimed that women were not capable of taking the higher education. If they failed in their examinations it was feared they would not be dropped from the rolls as other students would be—thus necessitating a lowering of the standard or having a separate scale for women. In case any chanced to pass it would be at the loss of health. One side claimed the tendency of the system would be to turn out "strong-minded" or masculine women, and the other side that their presence would involve both sexes in love at the loss of mental training. Even after the women were admitted, it was noted that there was a kind of cringing obsequiousness shown them, and when "they made a good recitation, which was not at all infrequent, many of the students acted as if they had witnessed nothing less than a miracle, and even some of the learned professors seemed to be similarly affected."

In scholarship their standing seems to be a little higher than the men. For example, in the present Senior class, for the Freshman year, the men averaged 73.6 and the women 81.1 out of a possible 100, and for two terms of the Freshman year, the present Junior class, the men averaged 70.4 and the women 76.1. The women have held 4 of the 30 university scholarships for undergraduates, and 5 out of 47 fellowships for the post-graduates.

The average age of all the women on entering the Freshman class has been 20.21 years, while that of the men for the same period has been 19.36 years, or nearly one year younger. For the different years the averages have not been far from this, the highest being 21.71 years for the class of '76, and the lowest 18.57 years for the class of '87.*

Of the 376 women who were enrolled up to and including 1887-'88, 123 were graduated, being one out of every three,

*For these figures the writer is iudebted to the Registrar, Mr. A. H. Grant.

while for the men the average has been one out of about $3\frac{3}{4}$. Experience has shown that many (one-third) come here to do special work, and, consequently, are enrolled in optional and special courses. Of the regular courses, that in science has been the most popular, that in arts next, then philosophy, then literature, and the few remaining are divided among most of the other courses in the university. More than half of the graduates have become teachers, and it is pleasant to note, in looking over the Ten Year Book, that many of these are holding high and important positions.

Up to and including 1887-'88, there were thirty-eight of the women who had graduated reported as married—being nearly thirty-one per cent. There were twenty-four of these to Cornellians, and probably the attachments were formed while students. The proportion will probably be slightly larger than this, as the later classes had hardly the opportunity to embrace to cancel those old scores. Judging from the past, we may expect one out of every four of the graduates to marry a fellow-student, and of those who do not, one out of seven to marry elsewhere. This percentage is not large enough to place Cornell in the list of matrimonial agencies, but it is sufficiently large to disprove the claim that the tendency of co-education is to make so-called strong-minded or masculine women. Were this charge true, the percentage of marriages would approach zero, for there are few things less fascinating to men than such women.

In "Sage" there are some rules for the guidance of students, but, in general, each one is placed on her womanhood to conduct herself in a becoming manner and suitable to the peculiar circumstances of Cornell life. In order to give Sage College more of the safeguards of a well-ordered home, and to bring its inmates directly under an influence akin to the family, a lady of high character, attainments and social position was appointed principal. She lives in the college, associating with the students, and acting towards them as friend and adviser.

Each young lady has arranged beforehand two evenings in the week on which she is "at home" to her gentleman friends. Callers at other times are not received, except under peculiar circumstances, and in these cases the principal must be consulted. The ladies do not have callers on Sunday, but may fulfill an engagement to go out, as previously arranged for. There are no literary societies as such in Sage, but there are quite a number of Greek-Letter societies corresponding to the college fraternities which have had so much to do with student life. Whist is a favorite pastime and often there are rumors of a mysterious feast. Sunday evenings are usually spent in singing and "visiting" in the parlors or in the rooms writing to friends, &c. Sometimes a hop is given at Sage, and occasionally a reception.

Several women from the South have been in attendance here, but only two have graduated, the others taking special courses.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEACE INSTITUTE MISSION SOCIETY.

"Results the most vast," says Cannon Farrar, "are brought about by the aggregate of small separate exertions," and it is to speak of the exertions which, from time to time, our dear girls at Peace Institute have made in behalf of the great cause of missions, and gratefully to record how, step by step, this society has gone along, year by year, up to the present stage of progress, that this article is written.

Not until the everlasting doors are lifted up shall we fully know the results of the efforts of the young ladies of Peace Institute to spread abroad the blessed gospel of peace and salvation. For twelve years this society has struggled through various vicissitudes, through cloud and sunshine, sometimes presided over by brave and cheerful spirits, whose

bright enthusiasm incited all the members to earnest efforts, and again some not quite so brave took their places; but, on the whole, we think no other school can surpass our dear *Alma Mater* in its record of good attendance at the monthly meetings, and the great interest and intelligence shown in procuring valuable information about the different heathen nations as they come up for discussion.

In the fall of 1877, the young ladies of Peace Institute, aided by the noble and lamented lady principal, the deceased Mrs. B. R. Lacy, commenced to raise funds to send the gospel to the heathen. Since then, under the fostering care of the principals, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Burwell, the society has grown to be an integral part of the school. This society agreed to meet once a month and impart all information possible on the subject of missions, and to pray for their chosen missionary, Miss Kirkland, of Hongchow, China. This lady, who was an intimate friend of the writer and a most indefatigable worker in the foreign field, attributes much of her success in China to the earnest prayers and efforts of this Peace society. How sweet to know that, though we ourselves may not be allowed to go to teach the heathen the blessed news that means so much to us, our prayers can really uphold and encourage the dear laborers in the field, quite as truly as Aaron and Hur upheld the hands of Moses! From the first, and even to this day, the girls have been deeply interested in their "dear Miss Helen," and her bright, racy letters, describing her home in China, her dress in winter before the foreigners' houses were furnished with stoves, were a never-ceasing source of enjoyment to the girls.

At first the meetings were presided over by one of the younger teachers, but at last we all concluded that the girls should take entire charge of the meetings and the teachers only attend as they thought proper. How well I remember the first young lady who took the president's chair, Miss Maria Hardee, from Florida! Tall and stately, she presided with the utmost grace, and so determined were the girls to

show that they could conduct the meetings alone, that each seemed to vie with the other in doing all she could to make the meetings pleasant as well as profitable. And when school girls do get enthused, what is it they cannot accomplish? Their bright, sweet faces glow with feeling, and they can ask more questions about a country, the occupation of its inhabitants, etc., than even a veteran missionary could answer in one evening. After Miss Hardee as president came the lovely and beautiful Miss Baker, now Mrs. Stockton, of Jacksonville, Florida, and once again the young ladies elected their youngest and most popular teacher to be president. Such prosperity as attended the society under Miss Mattoon and the two Misses Burwell proved the wisdom of their choice. In 1884 we thought the society unusually prosperous. Sweet, graceful Ruth Smith, from Virginia, had charge of it, and at the end of the session the sum of $76.33 was sent to the great cause. But the year following, when the society was presided over by the popular and brilliant Miss Mary Kerr Bingham, aided by the enthusiastic efforts of bonnie little Alice Howard, the sum sent was the largest of any year, amounting to $101. Since then we have had quite as earnest and hard-working presidents, as this fact will show: In 1886 the energetic, enthusiastic Miss Louise Wilson was made President of the Society, and so determined was she to begin the session with a good and interesting meeting that she actually copied from missionary journals about sixty items for as many girls, knowing that the best way to secure a good meeting was to give each one something to do. Indeed, many societies might well emulate the zeal these young girls have manifested in their monthly meetings, enjoyable as well as profitable. Last year, under the guidance of one of the sweetest, best, and most intelligent girls that ever graduated at Peace—Miss Junia Graves—this society flourished greatly.

But the best of all remains to be told, namely, that two of the new missionaries who went out this Fall were once

members of this society, and the desire and impulse to take part in this great work was received while attending these meetings. Miss Hattie Jones, one of Virginia's sweet, bright daughters, said in a letter last Spring: "You will be glad to know that my love and interest in the work of foreign missions was so increased while attending the meetings of our dear old Peace Institute Society that I have felt impelled to consecrate myself wholly to this work, and have just received my appointment to labor as a missionary in China, I hope with the dear Miss Kirkland you used to tell us about." This young lady—Miss Jones—is now in China, and we are every day expecting a letter from her. Miss Sophie Peck, who, when at Peace, was Vice-President of the Missionary Society, is also in China at Tsing-Kiang-Pu, but she is no longer Miss Peck, having lately changed her name to Mrs. J. R. Graham.

What more remains to be said, except to wish our two young friends all joy, happiness and success in their chosen work, and to pray that many more of the dear young ladies of Peace Institute will consecrate themselves to this great and noble work and obey the last command of our Master, "Go preach the Gospel to every creature!" May we who remain at home gird ourselves to the work, and by our words and prayers of mutual encouragement, keep our hearts aglow with love and zeal, so that when our work on earth is done and we come to stand before the great white throne, we may each hear the blessed words, "Come, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

E. V. P.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

And I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
Forever, after some ideal good.
—Mrs Browning.

Paris, July —, 1889.

We are now in Paris, my dear; have been here for more than a week, and I have not yet found time to write to you, as I promised to do in my last letter. I shall not try to dwell on the joy I felt at seeing again the shores of France and hearing the sweet sounds of its language; you know that "I am strong to love this noble France," and I therefore leave to your sympathy of feelings to guess that which my pen cannot stop to describe.

Well, where am I to begin? I am truly in such "*embarras de richesse*" that I look around bewildered, not knowing what subject first to light upon.

I broke off my last letter abruptly—did not write about the Tower of London, St. Paul's, and a hundred other places, which of course I ought to mention; but then I should never get to tell you about Paris, with subjects for description with which my brain is filled to overflow, and therefore must make you cross the Channel and land in France.

Our landing-place is Hâvre, beautifully stretched out along the fertile shores of France. Driving out along the coast, bordered with charming villas, we obtained a glance of the picturesque summer-residence of Sara Bernhardt, wayward and fantastic in its architecture as is the spirit of the artist herself. Looking from the enchanting shores out over the never-tiring, forever-changing sea before you, you may well exclaim with Victor Hugo—

"*Vois, ce spectacle est beau, ce paysage immense.*
Qui toujours devant nous finit et recommence."

But it about Paris I should tell you—"fair, fantastic Paris, who wears trees like plumes, tossing up her fountains in the squares as if in beauty's game she tossed the dice."

Before making my choice among the many subjects in history and art, let me tell you what is quite important in our own history, namely this—that we are well taken care of in the midst of my Parisian friends and have "*bon souper, bon gîte et le reste.*" As to my giving vent now and then to a little more French than is strictly permissible in a letter written in English, I can only say that it is in the atmosphere here, and slips in so easily!

Now, first of all, let us go to the Louvre and pay our respects to the Venus from Milo. There she stands in her divine beauty, like a revelation from passed ages, telling of man's sublimest conceptions and most perfect creations. Let me write down a few lines of what Théophile Gautier says about this resurrected goddess—this master-piece of Hellenic art:

"*Comme elle est grande et belle et noble cette Vénus, animée d' une vie supérieure et d' une plénitude d'immortalité! Quel vague et divin sourire sur les lèvres à demi entr' ouvertes; quel regard sur-humain dans cet œil sans prunelle!*"

Thus writes the French critic of this mutilated marble statue of an unknown artist, incidentally discovered in 1820 in some subterranean vault by a peasant on the little island Milo in the Archipelago. Numerous have been the suppositions set forth as to the name and origin of the creator of this form of never-withering youth and beauty. Its analogy with the Niobe group in Florence, generally attributed to Scopas, has led to the hypothesis that the Venus from Milo is the work of a pupil of this master. But the name of the artist whose renown should have spread over the globe with that of his immortal creation is forever lost to the world. As it is, we can only bend down before his genius, wondering what may have been the fate of him whose ideal work was condemned to lie concealed to the human eye for an

unknown number of centuries. I cannot leave this queen of the Louvre without reminding you of Clive's letter in *The Newcomes*, in which he says with regard to his first visit to the Louvre: "I shall come and live here, I think. I feel as if I never want to go away. I had not been ten minutes in the place before I fell in love with the most beautiful creature the world has ever seen. . She was standing silent and majestic in the centre of one of the rooms, and the very first glimpse of her struck one breathless with the sense of her beauty. * * * She may be some two and thirty years old and she was born about two thousand years ago. Her name is Venus from Milo."

Let me but hastily mention a few other marbles of world-wide renown. Among these is the so-called "Diane à la biche," found in Hadrian's summer-palace at Tibur of whose charming scenery Horace sings in his Odes. This last mentioned statue represents the goddess of the chase, rather as the protectress than the pursuer of the game. Her attitude is that of calm and noble anger. Her left hand touches the hind at her side to whose rescue she seems to have hastened, while her other hand is lifted in the act of drawing an arrow from her quiver.

Passing through the rooms which contain statuaries of the middle age, we find works of Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini, Jean Goujon, and others equally celebrated in the history of art. The famous group "Milo of Crotonæ," by Puget, belongs to the modern sculptures, also Tassaert's graceful Cupid with its rather authoritative inscription,

> "*Qui que to sois, voici ton maître,*
> *Il l'est, le fut, on le doit être!*"

Having now spoken a little (a very little I must say when considering the vastness of the subject) of the sculptures in Louvre, I shall show myself inconsistent enough not to mention at all the paintings. So I leave the Louvre and pass before the Luxembourg which contains exclusively modern

French Art. Had we time to enter I should point out to you the works of such sculptors as Barrias, Cavelier, Dubois and Guillaume, while the exquisite paintings of Bouguereau, Cabanel, Meissonnier and many others would be sure to call forth your admiration by the charm of their coloring, as well as by the originality of their compositions.

From the Luxembourg terrace you perceive the majestic dome of the "Panthéon," which, built in the shape of a Greek cross, with a colossal portico of Corinthian columns forming its façade, somewhat reminds you of the Panthéon in Rome. It is a fine imposing temple, this sepulchre of great men, bearing the noble inscription: "*Aux grands hommes la patre reconnaissante.*" In the vaults are numerous tombs, among which is that of Voltaire. Voltaire, the poet, historian and philosopher who "widened the human mind and taught it freedom." Opposite to Voltaire lies Jean-Jacques Rousseau, "*l'homme de la nature et de la vérité.*" It is said, however, that both these tombs are empty, and that the remains of the philosophers have been carried secretly away and buried in some unknown spot. As far as I know, no new tomb has been erected in the "Panthéon" since Victor Hugo was laid here four years ago. Edmond About and Emile Angier who both have died later are at the Cemetery Père La Chaise, where may be read many illustrious French names.

Now that you have patiently followed me so far through museums and public buildings, I begin to fear that the labor of sight-seeing is getting rather wearisome to you. Therefore let us hail the first "*fiacre*" on our way (of which we will see plenty everywhere) and take a drive to the Bois de Boulogne. We turn down Boulevard St. Germain, pass la Chambre des Députés, cross the Seine, traverse Place de la Concorde, and have before us Champs Elysées, glittering and brilliant in the sunshine with its double rows of chestnut trees on either side. Gardens, squares and flower-beds continue this sea of verdure from which peep forth now and

then coquettish-looking cafés and restaurants. Glancing around us we may say indeed that "the city swims in verdure, beautiful like Venice on the waters."

It is about five o'clock in the afternoon, the hour at which the Parisian "*beau monde*" takes its usual drive in the "Bois." In the chairs, of which long rows border the side avenues of Champs Elysées, are seen scattered groups conversing together, while here and there you may perceive a lonely lounger, listlessly following with his eyes the rapid panorama before him. And the carriages roll on, swiftly and noiselessly, over the smooth elastic ground, leaving behind them the omnibusses to toil on patiently towards their goal like beasts of burden, diving out and in in the moving, rolling crowd around them. We have reached Place de l'Etoile in the centre of which towers the gigantic Arch de Triomphe, looking down on this bustling, gay and careless Paris, forever stirring and changing at its feet. Our carriage turns to the left down Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and there at the end of the avenue lies the "Bois" itself, gracefully winding its arms of trees and groves round the flower-trimmed borders of the lakes. With its rustling cascades, its bridges, kiosks and grottoes, it seems like an enchanting scene of fairy-land, called forth by the magic of the wand. The throng of carriages becomes now so dense that we can only move onward at a slow pace and are often obliged to stop. We admire the tasty elegance of the toilettes around us, and the fine horses and carriages, and get back just in time to get ready for dinner. The rest of the evening we spend in the "*salon*" talking and listening to music.

Now, my dear, if you can imagine yourself getting up to-morrow so as to get to "Magasin du Louvre" and "Bon Marché" and make all your purchases for that day before the twelve-o'clock breakfast, I will, alas! also, but in imagination, take you with me to see, let us say, "l'Hôtel des Invalides." It was founded by Louis XIV, and, as the name indicates, made a home for soldiers who had been deprived

of means to support themselves "*après avoir blanchi sous les drapeaux ou versé leur sang pour la patrie.*" When it was decided to bring the remains of Napoleon I to France from St. Helena, it was in "Hôtel des Invalides" that his last resting-place was prepared for him. We will go right in where the Emperor sleeps,

> **"By victories guarded 'neath the golden dome,**
> **That caps all Paris like a bubble."**

The sarcophagus, of a reddish stone brought from Finland, is of antique shape, and stands in a circular uncovered crypt, so that you, from where you stand, look down upon it. Twelve colossal statues, emblematic representations of Napoleon's most important battles, stand watch over his tomb, round which, inlaid in the floor, a wreath of laurel twines itself. The bluish and but faint light which falls from the dome, contributes to the impression of solemn grandeur which this tomb produces upon you. The sentence written over the entrance to the crypt expresses Napoleon's desire to be buried in France. I copy the words as I see them before me:

"*Je désire que mes cendres reposent au bord de la Seine, au milien de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé.*"

And thus has been fulfilled the last wish of him before whom Europe trembled, and who seemed to have made the Goddess of Victory the humble handmaid to his daring genius. O enviable Paris! so impetuous, so changeable and so brilliant, with the golden dome of this tomb shedding lustre over your struggles, your follies and your triumphs!

And now for a glimpse at Notre-Dame. Our first impression at the sight of it is apt to be that of a vague disappointment. Situated in a city like Paris, so rich in imposing monuments, it naturally suffers from the splendor of its surroundings. It is therefore just to consider that instead of the lowly houses of the Middle Age which were stretched humbly at its feet, it stands now in the midst of high build-

ings, out of style with the church itself, and which, therefore, cannot fail to lessen the grandeur of its appearance. Let us add to this that the ground on which it is built has been raised to that extent that it is now on a level with the surroundings, while only a century and a half ago you mounted thirteen steps before entering it. For more than seven hundred years has Notre-Dame stood here, boldly defying the waves of time, while the city, once timidly crouched at its walls, has stretched and spread itself, locking in its wide embrace lands and country around it. With its archways and galleries, densely decorated with sculptures and surmounted by a balustrade from which spring forth fabulous monsters and animals, we may well say that this cathedral of Paris is a marvel of Gothic architecture. The interior of the church impresses us at the first moment of our entering it by the very vastness of its dimensions. From the lofty pillars, stern arches and the rich wood-carvings of these unrelenting walls, with

> "Storied windows, richly dight,
> Shedding dim religious light,"

a sensation of mystery and involuntary dread seems to fall over us, and hush down into silence any outburst of admiration. We mount the towers; and here let us stop to call forth for a moment the forms of those with whom the poet's pen has peopled these places. What life and coloring has not Victor Hugo given to his characters in that exquisite work which he has named after the monument in which we stand! There on the ground below our feet Esmeralda danced to the wondering groups, while on the balcony of one of the neighboring buildings, may be to our right, where stands now "l'Hôtel Dieu," stood Fleur-de-Lys and the "*chevalier*," looking down on the scene before them. And raised far above the crowd from behind the frowning pillars of Notre-Dame the archdeacon followed with eager eyes the rapid movements of the gypsy as she whirled round to

the clacking sound of the castanets. Esmeralda and the lingering groups vanished before us, with those other phantoms born of the poet's fancy. We descend slowly the dark winding steps by which we mounted the tower and stand again in the strong daylight of real life.

And here before Notre Dame de Paris, in the place of which stood, two thousand years ago, a heathen temple, while the Seine, as to-day, twined itself like a belt round the little island on which we stand, I leave you with the grand recollections of the edifice we have just left yet fresh in your mind.

As to the Exposition, I shall only venture to tell you that it is magnificent indeed, which of course you had already guessed, and that the Eiffel tower is the highest structure in the world, which I dare say is no news to you.

I would have liked to have spoken a little of the Parisian theatres here, where scenic art stands so high, and is represented by so many excellent artists; but, there, I see an omnibus pass, and the very one I want, so I call out "Monsieur! Monsieur!" and the conductor being gracious enough to notice me, I climb up triumphantly to the very top of the vehicle. Safely seated here, I wave my hand to you, the omnibus turns the corner; and I am gone.

CHRONICLES OF PEACE.

[This article was written by one of the young ladies of the school years ago for a paper which they edited, but never published.]

1. Now, it came to pass when the palace of Peace was completed, which the elders and princes of the North country had built for the daughters of the land, that the elders and chiefs of the thousands of the tribes took counsel together:

2. Saying, who is worthy to rule over the affairs of the palace, and whom shall we invite to preside over the young

maidens who shall be assembled together to the end that, being instructed in all the matters of knowledge, and in all cunning and useful handiwork, they may become wise and honorable women, who shall open their mouths with wisdom, and whose works shall praise them in the gates.

3. Then the patriarch Joseph* spake unto the elders and chief priests of the people and said: Behold! ye have heard of the mighty king Robert,[a] and of his son, the Prince John,[b] who have reigned and prospered in the land of the Mecklenburgers, and ye know they have become skillful in instructing the daughters of the people.

4. And they likewise have with them a notable musician, Albert† by name, whose father dwelleth beyond the seas, and whose wife is the daughter of the patriarch Daniel,‡ of the Rocky river country; and they are exceeding skillful to teach young maidens to play skillfully on the harp and organ.

5. Moreover, I hear that they have also the prophet Samuel,‖ who giveth instruction in the learning of the Egyptians and the Chaldeans.

6. And, besides all this, they have the lady Jennie,§ whom all the little maidens love, and the lady Martha,¶ who instructed those daughters, that had a mind thereto, in all the cunning devices of drawing and painting.

7. Now, therefore, let us send an embassy unto the great king Robert, and entreat him to come down with all that he hath—even all that are with him—to the capital of the North country and take the oversight of the maidens who shall assemble in the palace of Peace.

8. Then William,** the chief of the elders, whose surname was Corous, answered the patriarch Joseph, and said: I know well this good king Robert of whom thou hast spoken,

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*Dr. Atkinson.
*a*Dr. Burwell.
*b*Mr. J. B. Burwell.
†Mr. A. Baumann.
‡Rev. D. A. Penick.
‖Rev. Samuel Stevens.
§Miss McKenny.
¶Miss McGlathery.
**Mr. Wm. Crow.

for I have married his daughter, and thou hast spoken truly concerning him and them that are with him.

9. And the thing greatly pleased all the elders and princes of the people that king Robert should be entreated to come and dwell in the palace of Peace, and have the oversight of the maidens.

10. So the embassy was sent, and the king hearkened unto them and spake kindly unto them, and made a covenant with them the self-same day, to go down to the capital straightway, he and all that were with him.

11. And the king made ready, and put all that he had in five chariots that ran very swiftly, belonging to the highway of the great king, and came down to the palace of Peace in the seventy-second year and eighth month.

12. And in the tenth month and the twenty-third day of the month was the palace opened, even the palace of Peace, which the princes of the tribes had built for the daughters of the people.

13. And there was great rejoicing throughout the land at the coming of the good king Robert, and a goodly number of maidens were gathered together at the palace.

14. And the king made the lady Mary* to be queen over the maidens of the household, to counsel, admonish and guide them, even as a mother guideth her daughters, with discretion.

* * * * * * *

20. Now, it came to pass, after many days, that the lady Frances† taught the maidens drawing instead of the lady Martha, who returned to the home of her fathers.

21. And she also instructed the fair daughters of Peace in calisthenics, to the intent that they might become graceful and stately, and fair to look upon.

22. And upon a set day the king invited the chiefs of the thousands of the tribes of the North country—even the legis-

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*Mrs. Dr. Lacy.
†Miss Fowler.

lators—to come to the palace, to survey the rooms thereof and to behold the cunning devices of handiwork; also to see the fair maidens as they moved so gracefully before their eyes to the sound of sweet music.

23. And the chiefs of the people, even the wise legislators, came—an exceeding great multitude—to the palace, and they listened with delight to the pleasant music which Albert the musician had taught them, and they were delighted beyond measure at the songs they sung and the pieces they played.

24. Then the king led them to the great hall of the palace, and the maidens, arrayed in blue and scarlet and fine linen, came in before them and went through all the graceful movements the lady Frances had taught them to the sound of pleasant music, and the wise legislators were exceedingly delighted thereat, and they said one to another: Verily we have never seen anything half so beautiful; we have heard of the fame of the city, but the half had not been told us.

* * * * * * *

31. And the remainder of the chronicles of the palace of Peace, behold! will it not be written in the book of the chronicles of the palace of Peace which the king shall cause to be published.

EDITORIAL.

ALICE IN WORDLAND.

Alice has grown into quite a large girl, and has gone through many trials and tribulations, at school, since she went through the Looking Glass; but these have not been able to rob her either of her old love of adventure or of kittens.

One day it was raining so hard that she could not possibly go to school (rains are such convenient things sometimes); so she took her books and cat up into the large spidery, rat-infested garret to learn her lessons and teach them to Silver-tips.

"Now, kitty," she said, "you have been neglecting your studies too much here lately, and are growing fatter and saucier every day. I must pay more attention to you. Come, now, and learn your Trench lesson like the good kitty that you are, else you shan't have any milk for your dinner."

Silver-tips, used to this kind of lectures, lazily winked its eye, curled itself up in a comfortable little ball in Alice's lap, winked again, as much as to say, "I'm ready if you are," and she began.

This self-imposed task soon, however, grew wearisome to both herself and the kitten, so, with the impatient exclamation, "I hate this old Trench! it's no good anyhow," she closed her book and her eyes to listen to the soft, rythmical patter of the rain-drops. As she listened, they seemed the sound of voices; at first very faint and indistinct, but growing louder and clearer every moment. She opened her eyes in surprise to find herself in the strangest place she had ever seen, full of all kinds of queer little midgets,

"Great ones, small ones, lean ones, brawny ones,
Black ones, brown ones, gray ones, tawny ones,
Gray old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Staring at Alice for their lives."

At least, some of them were; others were standing in groups, talking, looking very grave and solemn, shaking their wise little heads till they were in imminent peril of losing them.

None of them made any movement towards addressing our little friend except one queer-looking old fellow with an eye-glass and an old silk Derby stuck each in their respective places, on the right side of his nose and the left of his head, to preserve his equilibrium, I suppose. He came striding up to Alice with a pompous tread, flourishing a gold-headed lead-pencil which she inclined to think he meant for a walking-cane.

"Good day, little girl," said he, "when and how did you get in here?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice; "will you please be kind enough to tell me where I am, and what you all are doing here?"

"You have by some means gained entrance into Wordland; we are all Words, and have assembled here to-day to hold an indignation meeting. We can no longer bear the oppression, the vile misuse, you mortals heap upon us. Neither can we bear the callous indifference you show toward all matters concerning us. We have met to-day to choose a brave, trustworthy leader who will carry us either to liberty or to death. You may have heard of me before; I am the Hon. Mr. Quiz."

Alice professed herself very proud and happy to make Mr. Quiz's acquaintance, and he looked pleased and intimated that as she seemed such a sensible little girl he might condescend to tell her an interesting little bit of history connected with his birth.

Alice was wild to hear it, and he began: "One day a play-actor by the name of Daly made a bet that he could invent a Word without any meaning that would be in use within two weeks; so he set to work and chalked Q-u-i-z all over fences, and every one who saw it went to talking and wondering about it till soon it was in everybody's mouth, and that is how I came into existence. I consider that very remarkable. Not every Word can boast of such an origin. But there is one other that is right peculiar, too. Do you see that gentleman over there in the yellow waistcoat, who is talking so loudly?"

"The little dumpy one with the red nose?" questioned Alice.

"The same," responded he; "well, he is the famous Monsieur le Canard."

"Canard," repeated Alice; "why that is French for duck. Now I come to think of it, he does look like a duck, if he only had feathers and a bill."

"I suspect that he has as many bills as he cares for, my child; but if you keep on interrupting me I will never finish. As I was saying, his origin is rather peculiar. You know that ducks are noted for their voracity. Well, one man thought that he would cap the climax by telling an almost impossible story of a person who had twenty ducks and wanted to test their appetites. So he cut up one duck, and gave it to another, which straightway devoured it. No sooner had it done so than he cut it up and gave it to another duck, and kept on till one duck had eaten up all the other nineteen. This story was called a Canard, and they soon began calling all monstrous productions like it by the same name."

"Why, isn't that interesting!" exclaimed Alice; "do tell me some more; I am sure you know about all of them."

> "While thus she spoke the knight
> Turned the outside of his eyes to white,
> As men of inward light are wont
> To turn their optics in upon 't."

He smiled, bowed, and seemed prepared to launch forth on another narrative, when he was arrested by the sounding of a loud gong. In an instant all noise was hushed, and the crowd gathered around the speaker, for such the person on the rostrum appeared to be. He was tall and majestic, had a very Roman nose and a very loud voice. Alice's friend whispered that he was Mr. Stentorian, and that they had chosen him for speaker because of his powerful lungs. He began:

"My dearly-beloved fellow-words, we have met here to-day, as you all know, to talk over our wrongs and to elect a leader capable of directing us rightly. Now I think if you were to search the world over, you could not find a better captain than I would make. With one note of my excellent voice I can summon you from all quarters of the globe; and, let you be where you will, I can direct you all at the same time."

"Not so fast! not so fast!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd. "You must remember that the Trojans had your father, Stentor, and though he could shout as loud as fifty men, he did not save their city. You may talk as loudly as you please, but if you have not power to command obedience, it is worth nothing. I think that I, as Lord Regal, a scion of the great house Regére, should have an undisputed right to leadership."

"Not while there exists a Word by the name of Royal," thundered a voice behind Alice.

She turned and saw a very excited little man making his way up to the platform. "Brother Regal," said he, "have you forgotten me? You know very well that, though we are twin brothers, and it would seem that our authority should be equal, yet, because I have travelled so much more than you—have been all over France—I am more competent than you—"

"I'll show you whether you are or not!" shouted Regal, jumping at him and seizing him by the collar. Then they fell to fighting and would surely have been the death of

each other had not their wives, Amicable and Amiable, with tears in their eyes, rushed into the midst of the fracas and dragged the struggling brothers asunder by the hair of their heads.

Then Mr. Bachelor rose and declared that it was his opinion that no one was better fitted for the office of leadership than he, as he had no wife to run and tattle everything she heard to the neighbors.

Then up sprang little Miss Saucy and gave him to understand that he had an excellent reason for not having a wife, as no one with five grains of sense would think of marrying a cow-boy; asked him if he remembered when he, a ragged, bare-footed urchin, would go by her father's house in the morning, driving his cows to pasture, and how he used to stop at the gate and beg her for a morsel of bread and butter.

Mr. Bachelor winced, but promptly answered, yes, he remembered it all, especially how very salt the butter was. He supposed that it must have imbibed some of its brine from her, for she was not Miss Saucy then, but Miss Salty(?), and he added, tauntingly, "Your Cousin Salary—for all that he looks as if he were made only of silver and gold—used to be nothing but the meanest, commonest Salt that was given to the Roman soldiers in pay for fighting."

All eyes were turned toward Salary, who turned pale, staggered, and would have fallen had not his cousin whispered to him, "Be a Word, my dear, be a Word; up and on him, and make him take back that vile calumny."

In an instant they were upon each other, but, as they fought, they seemed to fade away, and Alice opened her eyes to find her kitten in dreadful peril, having been attacked by a ferocious rat of most uncommon size.

She hastily snatched her darling to her bosom, rushed out of the garret pell-mell, and to this day she has never been induced to enter it again. N. B.

ROBERT BROWNING.

One of the greatest losses to the literary world during the past year was the death of the poet Robert Browning. This sad event occurred at Venice, at the home of his son, Mr. Barrett Browning, an artist in that place.

Browning was born at Camberwell, in Surrey, England, in 1812, and educated at the London University. At the age of twenty-four he attracted the attention of the world of letters by his poem of "Baracelsus." His next work, the tragedy of "Stafford," was brought on the stage in 1837. "Sordello" was a thin volume, but is esteemed a most remarkable production and a rich puzzle to all lovers of poetry. One of the most popular of his next works was a drama entitled "Pippa Passes," Pippa being a girl from a silk factory who, in the course of her holiday, passes various persons in the play and unconsciously becomes a determining influence on the fortunes of each. It was only a short time before his death that Mr. Story, the sculptor, was wandering with him at Asolo "through the byways where dear Pippa passed." Mr. Story remarked that Browning seemed to preserve an immortal youth. "Fifty years ago," he said, "I rambled here and wrote the poem, and now I have returned to see it again." "It is all beautiful," said his friend, "but will you please show me Pippa." "I wish I could," said Browning; "Asola is here, the Bishop's palace remains, but the girls—— are gone!"

In 1846 Browning married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, one of the leading poets of the nineteenth century. He received his call to her side in two lines of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." He had "as much difficulty in making his way into her house as the knight who found the Sleeping Beauty among her thorns. And the effect was much the same. Elizabeth Barrett had not left her sofa for years, but now rose up and

followed him to Marylebone Church, and then to Florence, and through many years of happiness."

Browning added greatly to his reputation in 1855 by publishing a volume of fifty poems entitled "Men and Women." The most extensive of all his works, "The Ring and the Book," a poem in four volumes of blank verse, was published in 1868. It is an Italian story of the seventeenth century. His shorter poems are particularly happy and beautiful. Among these are "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "A Child's Story," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and "My Lost Duchess"—all among the very best of their kind. He stands at the head of what is known as the psychological school of poetry.

In personal appearance Carlyle describes Browning as beautiful. He had in his youth long, flowing black hair, which, however, for years has been snowy white. Though seventy-seven years old he stepped more briskly than most men do in the prime of life, and his look went everywhere.

"'Give me the happy man!' He who wrote so was happy to the last. Death did not touch him painfully. Shortly before his death a telegram from London came telling him of the large subscription sales of his new volume, Asolando, and the fine reviews. He smiled and said: 'We have much to be grateful for.' This new volume, and especially its epilogue—brave and pathetic—indicates a feeling that it would be his last word to the public. He wrote his own epitaph in the last line of the book:

'Speed, fight on forever, There as here.'"

Italy mourns him as her foster son, her constant lover, and Florence, although a decree prohibits any further burials where his wife lies, would undoubtedly have made an exception in his case had not England claimed his dust for Westminster Abbey.

ANACREON.

TO HIS LYRE.

I wish to tell of the sons of Atreus,
And I wish to sing of Cadmus,
But my lyre upon its chords
Resounds love alone.
Lately I changed the strings
And the whole lyre
And I, indeed, would sing the labors
Of Hercules! But the Lyre
Gave back the songs of Eros.
Farewell, for me, henceforth
Ye heroes, for my lyre
Sings only love.

EDITOR OF THE VOICES OF PEACE

(Suffering in the clutches of "La Grippe")

TO HER LYRE.

Fain would I tell in words that burn
  Of the mighty works that are wrought at Peace,
But ever, when to my lyre I turn
  It echoes only a sneeze.
Lately I changed the strings and would sing
  Of the death of our strong ones, of the tombs of our great.
But naught but a cough and a sniff could I bring.
  Alas! it is useless to strive against fate.
Henceforth the world may catch on fire,
  Hercules and Cadmus may do as they please.
But farewell for me, ye heroes, my lyre
  Can only sneeze!

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, MISS MAGGIE SMITH.

Louise C. Moulton is said to receive higher prices for her poetry than any writer of equal reputation.

Mrs. Oliphant, the English novelist, is busily engaged upon a new novel, the first chapters of which are already in proof.

We were delighted to receive a copy of the Davidson *Monthly*. We enjoyed it thoroughly, and hope that it will continue to call.

We have heard a great deal lately of the Wake Forest *Howler*. We feel a sympathy with it in its struggles; would like to exchange.

Miss Amelia B. Edward's entertaining book, "On the Nile," has had such a run that the publishers could not begin to supply the demand.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of the Salem *Academy*. The entire magazine is very entertaining. We enjoyed especially the letter from Florence.

Mr. Andrew Young, the author of the popular children's hymn, "There is a Happy Land," died at his home in Edinburg recently. Mr. Young was eighty-two years old.

The January number of the Wake Forest *Student* is especially good. We received a copy of it with pleasure, but before we had finished reading were positively sick with envy.

Professor E. J. Phelps, Ex-Minister to England, is again lecturing before Yale. He seems to have grown older in appearance, but has lost none of his rare ability as a teacher.

When Benjamin H. Day, the founder of the New York *Sun*, started the paper the carriers refused to handle it because it was sold for a cent. So Mr. Day hired boys to do the work, and so created the newsboy.

Rider Haggard's latest novel, "Allan's Wife," shows that that author has lost none of his power of depicting the strange and marvelous. It is full of thrilling exploits and hair-breadth escapes. It should be read when hair-dye is cheap.

A "Lucy Webb Hayes Temple Association" has been formed at Washington by Susan B. Anthony, Clara Barton, and other prominent women, to erect a building in memory of Mrs. Hayes, which will be known as the "Lucy Webb Hayes Temple."

The Physical Geography that has given greatest satisfaction at Peace Institute, and many other first-class schools, is Maury's. The recent

facts contained in the revised edition are of great value. This book is published by the University Publishing Company of New York.

Few people know that the poet Whittier is color-blind, and has been so for many years. He has just passed his eighty-second birth-day, and seems to be in fairly good health. The weaknesses of old age are upon him, however, and he rarely writes for more than a half-hour at a time.

Striking testimony to the power for good exerted by "Ben Hur," is the proposal to make use of the story in the evangelistic work of foreign missions. Gen. Lew Wallace has been strongly urged of late to assist in the missionary enterprise of publishing an Arabic translation of the story in Syria.

The Guilford *Collegian* contains in its last number an interesting article on electricity by Judge Dick, and a poem entitled, "The Old and the New," by a member of the class of 1891. We are glad that so many of our colleges can boast aspirants to the poetic art, and that they are not content to hide their light under a bushel.

Since the giving away of his health and mental powers, about a year ago, John Buskin has been confined to Brentwood, his residence, in Cumberland, England. Here he is surrounded by treasures of art and other valuables, which he has gathered during the past twelve years at an expense of over $500,000. The collection includes many gems from English and foreign artists, thirteen hundred missals and a number of precious stones.

"Are literary women more difficult to get along with than men?" was asked of an editor who has much dealing with the female sex in authorship. "Not at all," was his reply. "They are, if anything, easier. They have not the same knowledge of the business side of a transaction, it is true, but they will concede a point where they are shown to be wrong; whereas, a man will be sullen and stubborn. I think, on the whole, I would rather deal in literary matters with women than men."

LOCAL ITEMS.

EDITORS. { MISS MAGGIE SMITH.
MISS GENA ROWLAND.

WORK again.

NEW girls! New girls!

"THE cry is still they come!"

THE Raleigh Cotton Mill is nearing completion.

WHEN is Trinity coming? We are longing for a sight of the boys.

MISS BIRDIE BURWELL, on her way to Norfolk, Va., paid us a short visit on the 22d.

DR. D. E. EVERITT has recovered from La Grippe, which he says "has an awful grip."

MRS. BURWELL, our refined and cultured lady Principal, spent her Christmas holidays in Asheville.

MRS. TOMLINSON, of Durham, has been spending some time with her daughter Mabel, who is quite sick.

DID you read the best receipt sent to Tucker's for keeping a husband at home? All wives should read it.

AT LAST we have bravely waded through that Psychology examination; but O, the moral that follows it!

MISS CORA WILSON, who has been visiting Miss Emmie Bell Williams, in Fayetteville, gave us a call on her return home.

WE EXTEND our heartfelt sympathy to the genial and popular Mr. Jack Phifer, who has, unfortunately, fallen into the hands of the "Grippe."

MRS. BENTON, of Winston, spent a few days with us at the beginning of the new term, leaving with us her sister, Miss Fannie Williamson, as a student.

ON OUR return from the holidays, we were pleased to find Miss Kate Faison with us again. The VOICES OF PEACE unite in giving her a hearty welcome.

AMONG our new arrivals we take infinite pleasure in mentioning Miss Willie Simmons, sister of the highly accomplished Prof. T. J. Simmons of the Durham Graded School.

MANY of the young ladies of this Institute received invitations to attend the Wake Forest anniversary. Those so favored desire to express their thanks through the VOICES OF PEACE.

QUITE an addition has been made to our Faculty since Christmas in the person of Miss Caspari, of Christiansburg, Va., who has charge of the departments of Elocution and Calisthenics.

WE ENJOYED very much Friday evening, the 17th, the *musicale* given by Prof. Baumann. Though only a rehearsal, the music was exceedingly fine, and gave promise of a sumptuous feast awaiting us in the near future.

AN AMIABLE and cultivated family, residing in one of the best localities in Paris, wishes to take one, or at most, two young ladies as boarders. For further reference, address Miss Josephine Schmidt, Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C.

As THIS is the last year of Peace under the present management, we think it would be desirable to have a meeting of the Alumnæ at next Commencement. All are cordially invited, and we hope that all are sufficiently interested in their *Alma Mater* to respond.

LAST month we had the pleasure of witnessing the performance of "As You Like It," by the best traveling troupe in the country. The different parts were well sustained. Marie Prescott, as Rosalind, charmed the audience, while Touchstone appealed to the risibles of all present.

THE editors of the VOICES OF PEACE always take it for granted that they are addressing a literary public, and they never supposed that a quotation from a well known author, made in the last number, could have been mistaken for *slang*. To any who may thus have misconstrued it, they recommend the perusal of Will Carleton's Ballad Poems.

CONUNDRUMS.

Which are the two smallest insects mentioned in the Bible? Answer—"The wicked flee" and the widow's mite.

What is the difference between a king and a beggar? One issues his manifestoes, and the other manifests toes without *his shoes*.

"Now, children," said a teacher; "I want you to be very still, so that you can hear a pin drop." In a moment all was silent, when a little boy cried out, "Let her drap!"

How is it that trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? Because they *leave* out their summer clothing.

How do you define "black as your hat?" said a school-master to one of his pupils: "Darkness that may be *felt*," replied the youthful wit.

What reason have we to suppose that Cowper died insolvent? Because he oh'd for a lodge in some vast wilderness.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

MISS NETTA HARDISON.

Miss Willie Russell, class of '86, is teaching near Lynchburg.

Miss Ada Womble, class of '88, is teaching in the Goldsboro Graded School.

Miss Lina J. McDonald, class of '88, is teaching in Shelby Female College.

Mrs. C. H. Ashley (*née* Miss Pattie Lawrence,) class of '74, lives in Bloomfield, N. J.

Miss Mattie McNair, class of '88, is keeping books for her father in Laurel Hill.

Miss Hallie Morrison, class of '85, is teaching at Plummer Memorial College, Wythville, Va.

Mrs. G. F. Nicolassen (*née* Miss Eliza Graves,) spent several days with Prof. Baumann's family, but returned to her home in Tennessee on the 13th.

Mr. Faison Hill, of Faison, and Miss Kate Fuller, of Raleigh, were married January 22d, 1890. Miss Fuller is a graduate of Peace. We extend our congratulations.

Miss Anna Burwell, class of '89, has returned from Charlotte, where she has been spending the Christmas holidays. She is again faithfully discharging her duty as book-keeper.

The first entertainment ever given at Peace Institute was given in November, 1872, and was "The Oratorio of Esther." Mrs. Ed. Daniel (*nee* Jennie Hannah,) class of '73, took the part of Queen Esther.

Mrs. Dr. W. W. Faison (*née* Miss Jennie Faison), class of '74, who for so long a time was the accomplished teacher of Latin at Peace Institute, lives in Goldsboro. Dr. Faison is the assistant physician in the Eastern Insane Asylum located at that place.

DIED.

On the evening of January 6th, Miss Mary C. Borland, of Norfolk, Va. It is with great sorrow that we note the death of this estimable young lady. She was just on the verge of womanhood, being but sixteen years of age. She was always bright and happy, and won friends wherever she went. She will be greatly missed.

"And the mother gave in tears and pain
The flower she most did love.
She knew she would find it soon again
In the realms of light above."

On the morning of January 19th, at Asheville, N. C., Mrs. W. W. Jones, sister-in-law of Mrs. J. B. Burwell.

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
L'Allegro and Il Penseroso	1
A Bard on a Bar	2
A Summer Night in Lake Geneva	5
Anton Rubinstein	12
Selection	13
Editorials	14
Locals	18
Exchanges	[illegible]

PEACE INSTITUTE,

RALEIGH, N. C.

VOICES OF PEACE.

TO BE AND NOT TO SEEM.

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EDITORS.

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Lois Lowrance, Celess Dillon, Beulah Witherspoon.

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L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

These works of the immortal blind bard who gave to the world "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" are unique in conception and in treatment. They bear the stamp of genius, and prove that he was not only a poet but a profound scholar, imbued thoroughly with a knowledge of the ancient classics and able to impregnate with his own intellectual power his great and varied acquisitions. Years elapsed before they attained their merited fame. Though Milton's writings are, as a rule, in a serious strain, they are neither gloomy nor effeminate. Perhaps no author ever produced a more striking and delightful work of contrast than is found in L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. Mirth and Melancholy, the conditions of human life represented, are antithetic and apparently irreconcilable. To the ordinary mind, that which produces one must necessarily exclude the other; but Milton has shown us that each has joys peculiar to itself, and using the beautiful symbols of Ancient Mythology, he has woven together a charming bit of imagery. In the opening lines of L'Allegro, "Melancholy, of Cerberus and

blackest Midnight born," is banished, and the fair goddess Euphrosyne—"heart-easing mirth"—is invoked. She comes with "jest and youthful jollity," laughing and dancing, leading in her right hand the "Mountain nymph, sweet Liberty." From the hour when the

> * * * "lark begins her flight
> And singing, startles the dull night,"

until the "livelong daylight fail," and far into the night, all the bright and joyous aspects of nature are sweetly and skillfully unfolded—the ploughman, the mower, the milkmaid, and the shepherd each find, under the benign influence of the laughing goddess, pleasures in their daily tasks, and "the towered cities" feel her power in bliss, not rural, but equally enjoyable. The entire poem is a true conception of the pleasures of various occupations and conditions of men viewed in the light of a vivacious nature.

"Il Penseroso," Shaw says, "dwells upon the aspects presented by similar objects to a person of thoughtful and studious character." It portrays throughout a view of gloom, but contains nothing morbid, and a perusal of it inspires only pensive musings or lofty contemplation. To the thoughtful mind, there is a calm joy in the wooing of the nightingale's song; new beauty in the "wandering moon," as she rides the heavens and stoops to bow her head through a fleecy cloud; sweeter music in the "far-off curfew sound," and in the sad, sweet notes of Orpheus, which "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek," as he pleaded with him for his loved and lost Eurydice. Both poems are replete with the riches of classical literature, and each closes with a charming delineation of the power and influence of music, no less potent in gloom than in joy. A. G. W.

A BARD ON A BAR.

Down stairs in the gymnasium
  A vaulting bar's been placed,
Which, when we saw, we then did try
  To leap it in all haste.

The first I saw who tried to vault
  Was young Miss Connie C—.
She gave a very graceful leap,
  And over it went she.

Miss Alice N— next thought she'd jump,
  And tried it on the spot.
She gave a spring and some of her
  Went o'er, but some did not.

She balanced quite three minutes there,
  Then turned completely round,
And, on the side she started from,
  She landed on the ground.

We tried to make friend Bessie go,
  But she, you know, is quite tall,
And if by chance her balance missed,
  She'd further have to fall.

But Bess said if she tried to leap
  'Twixt bars so close as those,
She knew that she most surely would
  Knock both her head and toes.

Our dear Miss M— next tried to leap
  The bar so long and high,
And then I guess the maiden wished
  That she knew how to fly.

She balanced but a moment there,
  Then, like those gone before,
With most decided thud, she came
  A sailing toward the floor.

"A graceful set you girls must be!"
  I think I hear you cry,
But if you think you'd better do,
  I give you leave to try.

For many other curious things,
  Of which I will not speak,
Still happen there to maidens fair
  'Most every day and week.

E. B.

A SUMMER JAUNT TO LAKE CAYUTA.

Are you interested in picnics? Did you ever, to speak honestly and from the truthful depths of your heart of hearts, really and entirely enjoy one?

It has been my good or bad fortune to be brought up, reared, nurtured on picnics. My earliest recollection is of a great red wagon, an abundance of straw, fifteen or twenty children of all sorts and conditions packed closely and lovingly into this same red wagon, a copious and continuous fall of rain, a picturesque though muddy river, a mill similarly modified only in a superlative degree, an inexhaustible supply of snow-ball cakes and weak lemonade, in short, a Sunday School picnic.

If you had a birthday—and in those young and artless years they occurred with greater frequency than now—a picnic was your invariable mode of celebration. If you grew benevolent and felt inclined to help the poor orphans or the destitute Chinese, a picnic was the inevitable channel through which your generous and noble feelings found vent. If you or any of your friends ever recovered from a long and serious attack of scarlet fever or whooping-cough, the subsequent general thanksgiving assumed the familiar form of a picnic.

Sympathetic friend, has this been your as well as my experience? If so, I need discuss the harrowing subject no further. Your own vivid memory will pursue it with greater eloquence and feeling than I am capable of exerting. Even now it makes me weak and limp to muse on those days that are, it is to be hoped, no more, and leaving them I shall try for the present to confine my wandering thoughts and feeble powers of concentration to the subject to be discussed, namely our trip to Lake Cayuta.

Why this particular picnic should be chosen for your delectation from among so many others is a question for the psychologist. Why did the donkey give preference to one

of the two hay-stacks? Why did that unfortunate individual, by historic report situated between the devil and the deep sea, choose one of them? Perhaps, however, the cases are not entirely analogous, for the memory of this picnic does possess one point of distinction from that of a great many others. It is pleasing and grateful, as the picnic itself was unique and delightful.

Our party, sixteen in number, was a happy conglomerate of University professors, students, and one small explorer. This last-mentioned individual, by far the most important and popular of the party, bore, with all the dignity of one and a half tender summers, the proud title of Stanley, and he did it honor. If ever baby existed blest with the happy faculty of doing the right thing at the right time, Stanley was that infant. Serene and secure in his unassailable position of autocrat and monarch of all within his ken, he reclined in the arms of his mother, or his aunt, or some other devoted vassal, by turns studying the changing landscape and smiling with lofty impartiality on his humble admirers. Anon, fired with the adventurous spirit of his illustrious precursor, he would thoroughly and scientifically explore every corner and cranny of the large four-seated vehicle, his car of state, and numerous and remarkable were his discoveries. Corn, potatoes, and apples were brought to light, and many other things which afterwards proved very acceptable; and as time sped on and the hour of refreshment of man and beast approached, we realized with gratitude what a blessing it was to have an explorer and discoverer in our midst, and such an efficient one as Stanley. The chariot, which had the honor of bearing this benefactor of his race, was also the traveling conveyance, from time to time, of a large proportion of the female members of the party. One man, a youthful Englishman of pleasant accent, acted as leaven to the mixture and instructor in driving to the accomplished young woman who had volunteered to guide the trusty gray nags up the steep and arduous way to their destination.

I say this carriage bore us from time to time, because in our number were two or three noble-minded advocates of anti-cruelty to animals, and they persisted in walking up all the hills in order to spare the poor beasts. Of course we could not permit ourselves to be outdone in these active manifestations of tender and merciful instincts, and so with smiling face and heart whose innermost thoughts were not imparted to our neighbors, we climbed hills, and climbing, gazed with wistful eyes on Stanley in peaceful and happy possession of the carriage, gray nags, and all that seemed, for the time being, to make life worth living.

If any one thing more than another lightened our dragging footsteps and brought a smile of resignation to our lips, it was the sight and plight of the men. Most of them had undertaken to perform the journey on their bicycles, and, animated with this ambitious intent, buoyant and even frivolously gay, they had left Ithaca that morning little dreaming, unfortunate mortals, of the toil and hardships even then darkly impending. Care-free as butterflies, if not as unimpeded by thought, they skimmed over the level road, their wheels gleaming and flashing in the sunlight as they darted back and forth between the two carriages; but, alas! this happy state was of brief continuance. The road to Cayuta, like that to the Pierian fountain, leads ever upwards, and few and short are the level stretches, dear to the wheelman's heart, interpolated among its rugged ascents. Consequently, the hardships of our lot were comparatively ameliorated by the frequently recurring vision of these unlucky beings panting and struggling up the sun-bathed heights, dragging or pushing their useless steeds with something akin to chagrin depicted on their expressive faces.

It is possible that, owing to my descriptions, you have received the impression that so far, at least, this excursion was anything but enjoyable. If so let me persuade you to spare your sympathies, for such was not the case. It may be, and for some reasons undoubtedly is, pleasant to

climb the hill of life in a soft-cushioned carriage, but the individual who does so, though apparently blest, misses many a wayside joy and delight realized to fullest fruition by the humble pilgrim plodding patiently along the same road. And so it was that, though we enjoyed from an artistic point of view the topography of the country from our seat at Stanley's side, we were more than glad to walk occasionally and avail ourselves of the opportunities of taking in its minute details, such as ripe, juicy apples and mellow, golden pears, beckoning to us from overburdened trees which nestled invitingly near by in hedges that skirted the road. If our moral natures did not suffer a hardening process that day, it was because they had been so inured by previous experiments on similar occasions that nothing could render them more appreciably callous. You would have been interested, perhaps, in noting the spirit in which the different farmers and farmers' wives, sons, daughters, and other chattels bore our depredations. Most frequently they said nothing, but glared and blinked at us in a half-stony, half-dazed fashion that might mean many things, which we did not, however, take the trouble to translate. One woman, in whom might have been traced a faint resemblance to Mrs. Poyser, after scorching us with fiery and contemptuous glances as we placidly gathered a few bitter and very knotty pears from her greensward, gave utterance in scathing language to her sentiments on the subject of wandering gypsies and strolling vagabonds. We left her and her faulty pears without regret and without remorse.

Another woman took a kinder and more sagacious course which, though it did not save her property, at least caused a momentary sensation of shame to permeate our depraved natures. Seeing a pump in her yard we had ventured to get some water, and, of course, refreshed ourselves at the same time with the apples which chanced to be cumbering the ground near by. This wise and cunning woman appeared upon the porch and informed us in dove-like tones that we could find much better fruit down in the orchard. We were

really touched by this gentle administration of coals of fire. Still, such was our unparalleled effrontery, that we went and we found the fruit.

A little further back allusion was made to two carriages, and as only one has been discussed hitherto, it is perhaps time the occupants of the other make their entrance into this sketch. One of them was a young man returned but the day before from a protracted sojourn in Germany, and 'tis needless to inform the intelligent reader, especially if she be a Peace girl, that next to Stanley he enjoyed a position of distinction and pre-eminence in that party. Aside from the halo of interest surrounding him, due to his newness and comparative strangerhood, he seemed to claim this tribute on other and more deserving grounds. What was the nature of these grounds was not divulged, but that they were lawful and well established was patent to all. When he smiled, all were gay. When he spoke, the most respectful attention was accorded him. When he uttered a witticism, everyone laughed. Considering his recent residence in Germany, and the disastrous effect that the climate of that country seems to have upon the latter-day American's memory of his mother tongue, he spoke English with a grace and fluency that was truly remarkable. Were he merely indulging in reminiscences of his landlady and her false teeth, in such beautiful and poetic language did he clothe his thoughts, in such musically mellifluous accents did he give them utterance, that Ossian seemed resuscitated, and Apollo, incarnate, swayed us with his eloquence. His personal appearance was sufficiently pleasing, and the only thing in his dress that marked him as different from the ordinary man was a pale-green necktie of most fantastic form and pattern. This challenged the wonder and admiration of all and the comment of a daring and privileged few.

I have entered into these minute details in regard to this member of our party, because, being wholly new and strange

to me, he seemed to require special mention along with the landscape and other phenomenal occurrences of the way.

That reminds me that I have not as yet entertained you with any lengthy description of scenery, etc. Perhaps you have been thinking that you will be spared that infliction at least. Alas, for your hopes! I know my duty better. Give me time and a few peeps into the "Land of the Sky," or some book of similar character, and then you shall see.

Our first stop was at Enfield. Of course we went through the gorge, climbed up and down the perilously shaky ladders, and admired the place where the falls were wont to be when the presence of water rendered their existence real. Without doubt their absence was as improving to the imagination as their presence could have been pleasing to our sense of the beautiful, for it opened a splendid field for the exercise of this faculty. Then came luncheon, and, in the opinion of all, from Stanley down, it furnished the most successful scene enacted so far in the day's drama. This meal was spread at the entrance of the gorge on a rustic seat beneath the interlacing branches of some fine old trees. A picturesque campfire sent its gracefully curling blue ribbon of smoke upward, while a musical kettle suspended over it emitted a delicious and stimulating aroma of boiling coffee.

Scattered through the grass we quaffed this nectar from tin cups which seemed to impart to it an additional flavor and excellence. And how spicy and refreshing did a pickle taste after one had been fishing for it with a hat-pin for five or ten minutes! And ginger-bread served from the tin in which it was baked is surely the most appetizing thing in the culinary world.

Fain would we have lingered longer in the enactment of this Arcadian scene, but time was passing and Cayuta was still many miles away. Reluctantly, therefore, we quitted the pleasant spot and resumed our journey.

Our course now lay along a winding country road, and we soon began to reap due reward for the toilsome climb of the morning. For ever and anon delightful vistas burst

upon our view—hill upon hill, range upon range, all of the most delicate shades of blue, melting softly and indistinctly into each other and the atmosphere. Then when the distant lake showed itself to us in rare and tantalizing glimpses, it was ravishing!

As the hours sped by doubt began to rise in the minds of a few sceptically inclined as to the existence of Lake Cayuta. Perhaps it was a myth; perhaps those glimpses we had seemed to catch of it were of the nature of a mirage; perhaps we had lost our way; perhaps it would be better to turn around and start home. Without seeing the lake? No! Perish the thought! We would see that lake or die in the effort.

Still, as the evening shadows crept over us, growing and lengthening each moment, the firmest of purpose were showing signs of wavering, when loud and clear arose a shout from those in front—"The Lake!" "The Lake!" and there it was, the long-talked of, and anxiously looked for, stretching its beautiful length of shimmering blue almost at our feet, calm and pellucid, dotted over with white-winged sail-boats and gleaming softly in the golden light of the afternoon sun. Our joy was boundless, but there was no time for raptures.

Selecting a suitable place for encampment, we dismounted and hastily reconnoitered the work to be done. Wood must be gathered, fire kindled, and the dinner, the crowning achievement of the day, prepared. Did you ever roast corn by holding it before the fire fixed on a long and wobbling stick, in sharpening which you had previously mutilated half your fingers? Did you ever roast potatoes swathed in corn-husks in a fire which had no ashes, no coals, no anything, seemingly, but a superfluity of tear-bringing smoke and an unnecessary amount of smut which had great affinity for your hands? Did you ever have the potatoes to part company with their wrappers as soon as they touched the fire, and then have to fish them out while the scorching blaze was exerting its noblest efforts

to reduce you to a charcoal? If none of these experiences have been yours, my advice to you is the same as that given by a grave and learned judge to a young man who was so unfortunate as never to have eaten any toasted cheese. Try it. Did you ever, after thus exerting yourself, sit on the mossy ground in the reposeful half-light, half-shadow of the gathering twilight, the flushed and happy faces of your companions around you, their light and cheerful talk and merry laughter caressing your ears; before you the beautiful lake, magnificent in splendor borrowed from the setting sun; behind you a shadowy background of whispering trees, and at your feet—temptingly set forth—the fruits of the joint labors of the party? Did you ever do this? If not, well, even though the corn was burnt, and the potatoes unrecognizable as such—it, taken as a whole, was as delicious as the steak, which I have shamefully neglected to state had been skillfully and scientifically prepared by the youthful Englishman of aforementioned pleasant accent, and you would do well to try it, too.

It was now time to start home, and, as the men had so unusually exerted themselves during the day, it was agreed that they should take their wheels to the nearest station, ship them to Ithaca, and drive back with us.

One brave hero undertook, "alone and no man with him," to ride his bicycle home. He did it, but is reported upon moderately truthful authority to have remarked afterwards that, if, in that wild night ride, he left one stone unturned by his faithful wheel, it was because that stone was not between Cayuta and Ithaca. The rest of us had a sufficiently peaceful drive. Stanley slept, and the others either followed his worthy example or sang as we journeyed along the starlit road. Soon the seventeen miles were traversed, and the lights of Ithaca rose upon our horizon; and, soon after, we were at home, tired and just a little somnolent, but perfectly sure that, when we had regained sufficient energy to frame a thought, it would be that the day had been very delightfully spent. N.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

On the 20th of November, news was received announcing the death of one of the most brilliant of the world's geniuses.

Anton Rubinstein is no more. His long, wonderful career is forever closed, and not only does the musical world deeply mourn his loss, but thousands of people who have been inspired and uplifted by his magical power will never forget him.

Rubinstein was born in Bessarabia, November 30, 1830, and in ten days would have reached his 64th birthday. His parents were wealthy, but lost their fortune through a lawsuit, and this circumstance had much to do in the development of the musical talent of their two sons—Anton and Nicolas.

Madame Rubinstein was the first instructor of her two sons, and was a remarkably intelligent woman, besides being an accomplished pianist. She was so successful as a teacher, and her children made such rapid progress, that the family resolved to move to Moscow, where the mother put her sons under the instruction of the excellent teacher, Villoing. She, herself, took a situation in the Imperial Institute for Education. At the end of two years Anton, whose genius was even then apparent, was able to perform at concerts in Moscow.

In company with his master, Villoing, he went to Paris, where he was on friendly terms with all of the distinguished musicians there, and received much aid from Liszt. His debut in Paris, at the early age of ten years, created a perfect furore. The next three years of his life were spent in concertizing throughout all Europe. He then went to Berlin, where he remained over ten years, playing now and then in concerts, but mostly devoting his time to study and composition. On his return to Russia, he founded the great Conservatory there, and was so successful as a director, that it has become one of the foremost European institu-

tions. Since 1868 he has traveled as a virtuoso, and honored us some years ago with a visit. Outside of Paderewski, perhaps, no pianist has ever received such an ovation as did Rubinstein during his visit to America. His name, even to-day, is almost a household word.

To describe Rubinstein's playing would be an impossibility, for only those who have heard him can form any idea of his wonderful performances. Those volcanic outbursts of his fiery Sclavonic temperament, contrasted to the deep unutterable melancholy which he so well knew how to express, will no more move and sway the hearts of thousands of eager listeners.

As a composer, time will have to tell what is worthy to remain. His works have been prolific, ranging from songs and piano solos to grand choruses and orchestra works.

Outside of his musical attainments, he was a learned and earnest student of theology, spoke with fluency five or six different languages, and was a patriot and a philanthropist of the highest type. V. D.

Our share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards—day!

Selected.

EDITORIALS.

THE OPENING days of school are full of both pain and pleasure; pain, because we are one year older than when we entered last year, and already we miss our friends as they start out in diverging paths from the straight one of childhood which we travel together, and our hearts yearn for the sympathetic friend and the honest rival of former years; but new scenes and new faces are joys, and have a soothing effect, and we are soon busy investigating the new girls and whatever there may be of new surroundings.

Such were our feelings this year. As we drove up the shady avenue to dear Peace, we found ourselves thinking of the old girls whom we should greet, and of the new ones whom we should try to help, and before we knew it we were in the hall kissing everybody we saw, and full of interest in all that was passing.

Yes, there had been quite a number of changes in the old familiar home—the conservatory had been removed, and a large brick flooring put under the porch, making a beautiful vista as you ascend the steps. The chapel had been retinted and improved, the rooms repainted and refurnished with nice new carpets, and a fine bath-room put on the upper floor. The studio had new models and a curtain to screen the light on work from nature, and the gymnasium was completely fitted up with most approved apparatus.

Then those hammocks on the porch, how we did enjoy them!

And many new faces greeted us, though now it seems strange to think that we haven't always known these girls. What we have done since we met will soon be told you, so we need not dwell upon it. We are now members of one large family, and are working ever for God and the right. Our year has been, so far, one of exceptional pleasure and thorough work, enlivened by frequent visits from old girls,

and from the parents of some of the fortunate ones who do not live very far from Raleigh.

When our friends come to Raleigh, we trust they will come to see us and the school, and we are sure they will agree in voting us a second "Happy Family."

IN RECENT years there has been much discussion about The Higher Education of Woman. Girls of this century seem to have more ambition and love for study than had our grandmothers, who were content with just the very beginnings of an education. It is true these had not the same advantages as the girls of our time, for now there are many female colleges where a girl may receive an education which compares well to that given by the male universities in the country.

But the question arises, What is meant by Higher Education? A girl goes through the course, passes her examinations, receives her diploma, and then presumes that she has received a splendid education. I fear one would find, upon investigation, that she has a faint idea of everything, and a clear idea of nothing.

Why is this? Because she has finished the course just to say she has been highly educated, and has not devoted her time and talents to some special course of study in which she could perfect herself.

Now when a young man enters a university, he has usually decided what profession he will pursue and what his life work will be. He devotes himself to such lines of study as will be helpful; while many women content themselves with a superficial knowledge of everything, thinking they have no *special* work to do. But do they know, can they tell what reverses may overtake them when they will probably be thrown on their own resources, and be obliged to support themselves and perhaps others who may be dependent upon them?

How much wiser then would it be for a young girl beginning her educational career to decide upon some special course and concentrate upon that all her energies, and not try to undertake such an extensive education, which she has not time to master perfectly. Let her also unite practical knowledge with book knowledge, and then will she be well prepared to enter the world, and engage in the conflict of life.

The Principal of Peace, having long held the above theory, tries to carry it out in the education of the girls given into his charge. There is here no *iron-clad* curriculum, which says "this one course you must take and no other," but after careful talk with the students, he advises what he thinks best for each, heeding ever the particular bent of each mind.

For the one who would make a specialty of languages, there is the course leading to the degree of "Graduate in Languages," and after the fundamental work in various branches, she is allowed to concentrate her energies upon the special subjects which she has chosen.

Then literature and science have their adherents, and the earnest faces of the students show that they are working intelligently and earnestly, not in a stereotyped way as so much "dumb, driven cattle."

In the ornamental branches the same idea prevails. After going through the essential grounding and reaching the stage where an intelligent choice can be made, each pupil is allowed to have a voice in the selection of her work, and the successful pupils of the school show that this is the rational way of developing individuality and obtaining thorough knowledge.

THE INCREASING popularity of outdoor sports signals a more healthy people. Plenty of exercise and fresh air are two of the requirements of good health, and when, in addition, amusement is afforded, the physical forces receive a decided

stimulus. Tennis, a modification of an ancient game played by the Chinese, and mentioned by Shakespeare in one of his plays, is a most invigorating exercise, and though it has been an American favorite only within the last fifteen or twenty years, it is now in danger of being superseded by Golf, the fashionable Scottish sport.

Basket ball is another very popular outdoor sport, and is very much less brutal than the game of foot-ball which seems to have completely inflamed the minds of the boys and men in our various seats of learning.

The advance of the bicycle has been very gradual, but it now threatens to take the place of the horse in the patronage of society. Let us hope, however, that the women who enjoy this pleasure will never go so far as to don divided skirts. They are neither beautiful nor becoming, and it is sincerely to be hoped that our Southern women will never indulge in such a fashion.

WISHES.

I wish that friends were always true,
  And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
  I wish the bad were fewer.
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
  To heed their pious teachings;
I wish that practising was not
  So different from teaching.—*Ex.*

LOCALS.

Ask Misses Burke and Knox how they like tennis.

Our school pins have come, and we think they are very pretty and appropriate.

Bessie Wharey and Janie Pharr, former students of Peace, have been visiting Susie Clark.

Mr. Grinnan, a missionary from Japan, gave us an interesting talk one morning in October.

Miss Anna Morton, class of '93, has been at Peace on a short visit to her aunt, Mrs. Dinwiddie.

Mrs. Early tells us she is going to give us a French soiree soon. We all anticipate a pleasant time.

Isabel Fairley was at Peace during the Fair. Her sister, Janie, is numbered among our new girls. This is now the third year that Peace has done Fairley well.

Our sympathy and love go out to Mary Thompson, who has been called home to Pittsboro by the death of her brother.

Miss Herbage, in Rhetoric class—"Who writes in dry style?"

Miss Faust—"Dryden."

Our local editor, Lois Lowrance, of Dallas, Texas, expects to spend Christmas with her brother who is studying at Hampden Sidney, Virginia.

One of the girls was singing "My love is like a red, red rose," when her fond little room-mate said: "Why don't you say it's like a Wither(ed) Rose?"

Miss Mary Dinwiddie spent several days in Selma this month on a visit to Miss Dora Vick, a former student of Peace. She reports a delightful visit.

In Mental Philosophy, when discussing the *will*, one of the class remarked, that she was in a deplorable condition, for she had no control over her Will at all.

One of the girls on her way to Peace saw a field of cotton and exclaimed to her friend, "O, Daisy, just look at the little maple trees!"

There is one girl in school who will always be Blue until she can change her name. The Long and Short of it is, there are others who would not reject a chance.

One beautiful night when the moon was shining bright, Julia Long was heard to say, "O, this makes me so homesick, for we have a moon just like this at home."

Early in the fall we had the pleasure of seeing Thomas Keene in "Hamlet." Later, James Young played "Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu." We enjoyed them very much.

A pretty little curly-haired Peace girl was seen making her will the other day. Thus it ran: "The curl on the right to J., the one on the left to L., etc., but the heart to Willie!"

We regret very much losing Cora and Louise Holt from the household. Their parents have removed to the city for the winter, and they and their little sister Mattie attend school as day pupils.

We were very glad to have even a short visit from El. Green, Lilly Bell, Lucy Taylor, and Beulah Wilson while they were at the Fair. Mattie Faucette, Dora Vick, and Annie Fields were also here.

We enjoyed a visit from Bessie Wharey and Janie Pharr while they were in Raleigh. Dora Vick and Margaret Waddell have also remembered us. It is always pleasant to see our friends, and we trust that we may often have that pleasure.

Mr. W. A. Withers, who for three years had charge of the Classes in Physics and Chemistry, gratified us by showing his continued interest in the shape of a medal which he offers to the pupil making the best grades in Physics and Chemistry.

Miss Mary Slover, of Newbern, has been with us since October. Her niece, Mary Guion, is not the only one who has been made happier by her presence. She has so endeared herself to all of us that we hope she will remain with us many weeks longer.

We acknowledge invitations to the marriages of the following former pupils: Maude Cotton, of Winston; Gussie Rhyne, of Mt. Holly; Maude Fleming, of Raleigh; Willie Simmons, of Wake Forest. We extend our sincere congratulations to the grooms, and our heartiest good wishes to the dear brides.

The work in the studio is going on with renewed zeal and earnestness this year. Quite a number of new girls have undertaken the regular course and joined the sketching class. Some of the advanced workers are painting from nature. For some time they and their teacher were very busy getting pictures ready for the State Fair, but now they are are again at regular work.

The Literary Society has had many pleasant meetings this year. Soon after the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes they devoted an evening to the discussion of his life and works. Miss Merrimon, class of '92, was with us then, and sang most feelingly "The Last Leaf on the Tree." Even now it is with regret that we realize that she and her classmates "are gone, they are gone."

Among our new girls none are more studious and pleasant than a group of Mr. Bryant's former pupils, who are again studying with him and his charming wife. The party consists of Eleanor Field, from Texas, and the following girls from Virginia: Jean Graham, Daisy Howe, Mazie Robertson, Mary Whitehead, Bessie Thompson, and Joie Brittain. Several of these appeared in our first concert, and reflected the highest credit upon Mr. and Mrs. Bryant and themselves.

A more beautiful day could not be imagined than that of Thanksgiving, and the invigorating air made us feel that we

could do justice to the sumptuous dinner that awaited us on our return from church. In the Baptist Tabernacle a profound and scholarly sermon was preached by Dr. Daniel, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The earnestness and beauty of his language impressed all, and we hope his pleaf or the unfortunate orphans was not without effect. At night we were given a very delightful entertainment by Mrs. Dinwiddie. The feature of the evening was that each girl represented some *character* or song, etc. A prize was awarded the best representation. The first prize was awarded to Edmonia Martin, who represented Davidson College, and the second prize was given to Julia Long, who represented Little Boy Blue. The prizes were awarded with appropriate speeches by Dr. Daniel. Afterwards refreshments were served. We had a delightful time until the bell announced that our very pleasant evening was over. We certainly appreciate the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Dinwiddie and all the teachers, and will long remember our pleasant Thanksgiving at Peace.

Sometime ago we received a lovely white and gold volume, which, upon examination, we found came from the pen of our gifted young alumna, Miss Maude Merrimon. It is a biography of her distinguished father, the late Judge Augustus Summerfield Merrimon, and comes straight from the heart of the daughter, who was, indeed, the most competent person to write of the father whom she so loved. The story of his life is most interesting. Starting from the narrow mountain home, he came out into the world determined to quit himself like a man. How successful he was is already a matter of history, for North Carolina gave into his hands some of her most responsible and honored positions. For several years he was the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and when "called higher" was sincerely mourned by his family and the entire State. The story is most beautifully told, and is a fitting tribute to the noble man who is now "with Christ, which is far better."

Extract of a letter written by one of the Virginia girls to a friend:

"More than welcome was the little message which came to us Friday afternoon, 'Mr. and Mrs. Bryant would like to have the Virginia girls come over this evening.'

It was our first Friday at Peace, and quite naturally we were somewhat homesick and blue, not because we were disappointed in the many attractions of Peace and our new surroundings, but because our hearts turned back to Dixie and the old folks at home.

We went over at the appointed time, and oh, what a lovely evening!

Mr. Bryant entertained us for awhile as Max — Mr. Bryant says Max is the best boy in the world—just wouldn't go to sleep, but cried incessantly. However, this lasted only a short time, and Mrs. Bryant came in and took us into the dining-room. What a sight for a school-girl's eye! The table and the good things to eat were nice enough for any queen. Joie Brittain and Mazie Robertson ate more than anybody else. I was really shocked at the grape-hulls when they finished.

The evening passed entirely too rapidly for us, and when it was 9:30 a sigh went round the little table. After telling dear Mrs. Bryant good-bye we were brought home by Mr. Bryant, and even now 'What a nice time we had at Mr. Bryant's,' furnishes our main topic of conversation."

On the first Saturday evening after our arrival at Peace our Lady Principal gave her annual reception. Just after tea we gathered in the girls' parlor and were cordially received by Mrs. Dinwiddie, who, with her sweet and charming manner, soon caused us to forget homesickness and to feel free and easy.

Among the pleasant features of the evening were delightful recitations by Miss Herbage, our elocution teacher, and some French and German selections rendered by Mrs. Early. The music given by Professors Darnell and Bryant was highly appreciated and added much to our enjoyment. In

the back parlor was a daintily decorated table heavily laden with delicious fruits of which we were invited to partake, and right heartily did we do justice to the feast.

One bright sunny afternoon, soon after the opening of school, our President took a party car-riding. We rode on several of the principal streets, passed by the A. and M. College, St. Mary's School, the State buildings, Pullen and Brookside Parks, and the Cemetery. The conductors were very kind, and allowed us a few moments at the Parks and the Cemetery. We returned just before dusk, after having spent a most pleasant afternoon.

A most interesting program was rendered by the Musical Faculty of the Institute on the night of September 18. It opened with a piano solo, the Wagner-Liszt "Spinning Song," which was well executed by Miss Knox. Following this was a vocal solo by Mrs. Bryant—"Rode's Air" and variations—which was enjoyed to the fullest extent by all hearers. Then came the well chosen selection, "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury," rendered with great feeling and expression by Miss Herbage. The next on the program were the instrumental Solos: Nocturne in E, and Waltz in A*b*—Chopin—performed with the greatest expression and skill by Mr. Darnall. Then a vocal solo, "Waiting"—Millard—by Mrs. Bryant, with violin and piano accompaniment. Miss Herbage next entertained the audience with a violin selection. Mr. Darnall charmed the listeners with his magnificent voice in the song "It Was Not So to Be"—Nessler. Last on the program was a piano solo, one of Mr. Bryant's compositions, beautifully rendered by him.

On the last night in October, "Halloween," so called by tradition, we were invited after study hour to the gymnasium, where a feast had been prepared for us. The following hour or more was spent trying our fortunes in every conceivable way, and tasting, I can't say lightly, the dainties already prepared. Some, so our fortunes said, were destined to be "old maids," and some to have the *mis*for-

tune of marrying a young man, an old man, or a widower. But I think we were not very firm believers in fortunes, so they did not interfere with the pleasures of the evening. We disliked very much to say good-night, but the "best of friends must part." We went to our rooms to talk and dream of the evening so pleasantly spent.

A very unique little entertainment was given by Misses Burke and Knox November 3d to the girls on their halls. The invitations were received and ran thus: "You are cordially invited to attend the Picture Gallery _____, and bring paper, pencil, and thinking-caps." We were there at the appointed time with paper and pencil, but I am afraid some of us forgot our thinking-caps. And what should our eyes behold other than a large table covered with pictures, or perhaps we should call them "articles." Each article had upon it a number, and we were all provided with a list of what the articles represented. Our duty was to put the number of the article by the side of what we thought it represented. Eleanor Ballard was the fortunate one in getting the greatest number correct, and gained the prize. Knox Johnston and Mary Thompson tied in getting the booby, and each was presented with some cents, which were thought very appropriate. Then came the refreshments, which, it is useless to say, was an exceedingly enjoyable feature of the evening. The time soon came for us to bid our hostesses good-night, but be assured we will ever cherish fond recollections of the pleasant evening spent with Miss Nannie and Miss Bertha.

On Sunday afternoon, November 25, Miss Tyler made a most interesting talk in the chapel before the Peace Missionary Society and the Busy Bee Band of the Presbyterian Church.

Miss Tyler is herself most entertaining. Her father was for forty years a resident of Natal, preaching to the benighted Zulus the way of life. Here his daughter was born, and here she spent most of her life—staying in America

only long enough to be educated. As we looked at her, it seemed strange to think that she, who with such refined accent and manner told us of the customs and language of those far-off people, could have been reared in their midst and feel as much at home speaking their tongue as when she spoke English. Their language is remarkably sweet and smooth, the only peculiar sounds being those given to c, q, and x. The children of the Band thought it must be quite nice to have those funny little clicks, and faint imitations of the sounds were heard from their places. "What a friend we have in Jesus" has been translated into the Zulu tongue; and, as Miss Tyler sang it to our same dear air, it brought to us vivid pictures of those heathen Zulus, so long under the power of spirit worship, hearing and singing of the Great Friend who understands and shares our joys and sorrows.

The pictures and curiosities were especially charming, for we had never before seen things from Zululand. The blanket of cocoa bark and the funny little pillow were to be gazed at, but hardly to be exchanged for our comfortable beds and covers.

We feel under many obligations to Miss Tyler for her talk, for it has not only aided in giving us intellectual knowledge, but quickened our desire to send to others the great blessing of the Bible.

THE CLIPPINGS below may be of interest to our friends. We are gratified at the words of approval which we have received, and feel inspired to go ever "onward and upward."

SPECIAL CULTURE AT PEACE.

The Physical Culture Department at Peace Institute is quite an interesting sight to the visitors who call to see it. The gymnasium is well supplied with new apparatus, and the new gymnasium suits are very cute.

There seems to be marked improvement in the physique and health of those who practice faithfully in this department. They are very agile and active, and it is a charming sight to see them in full exercise. Some of our pale-faced, narrow-chested sisters would be amazed at the results of a well regulated system of physical culture.—*News and Observer.*

THE WAY WE ARE MOVING.

From a most casual observation it is very evident that our Southland is constantly improving. What immense strides we have made since the war!

Our literary institutions now rival the best in the North. They have not the fine buildings and expensive appliances, but they are doing most solid work.

In this direction Peace Institute, of this city, is characterized with energy and push. It now has a large and enthusiastic Faculty, all of whom are specialists in their departments. They have three literary degrees, two degrees in art, and two in music.

Its graduates do the work required to be done in Wellesley and Vassar. It has also a musical department, the "Peace Conservatory of Music," with two directors, one from Leipsic and one from Boston, and four very able and accomplished assistants.

The recent concert given by the Faculty of Peace Institute should convince everyone that no artists superior to them can be found in any female schools anywhere.

The work done in the Art and Literary Departments seems to be equally thorough and of equally high grade. This school seems to be growing steadily in solid patronage, and its pupils are a hearty, healthy, and handsome set of girls, ready and willing and able to do the very best work.—*News and Observer.*

THE MUSICALE TUESDAY NIGHT.

One of the most Successful Entertainments of the Year.

The concert given at Peace Tuesday evening was a brilliant addition to the long list of successful entertainments given at that institution. The opening chorus, "The Belfry Tower," was sung by fifty voices that had been carefully and thoroughly trained by the director, Mr. Gilmore W. Bryant. The ladies' chorus, "Rest Thee on This Mossy Pillow," was one of the loveliest of lullabies, tenderly and feelingly rendered by a full chorus.

The rest of the programme was given entirely by the Musical Faculty of Peace. Miss Francis Herbage is master of her chosen instrument, the violin, and the exquisite notes came trippingly from her bow. Her technique is particularly fine, and she has been rarely equalled on a Raleigh stage. Her rendering of "Welsh Classics" shows her just as much at home in elocution, and the piece was warmly applauded.

Mr. Darnall gave both a vocal solo, "The Soldier's Dream," and a piano solo, The First Movement in Beethoven's Sonata in C. His voice is a baritone of fine timbre, and one listens intently to each word. His playing is full of power and exquisite interpretation, and he carries the audience with him, and we not only hear but feel the magnificent thoughts that are contained in the composition.

Miss Bertha Knox gave Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 12. The technical difficulties of this composition were presented with a clearness and brilliancy which captivated the audience.

Mrs. Bryant sung "Speak," by Andite. Her voice is so

round and full that there seems no end to it. Her articulation is particularly fine, and it is with regret that one sees her leave the stage.

The duet, "Echoes," by Mrs. Bryant and Mr. Darnall, closed the performance, and the memory of its exquisite notes still lingers with us.

In short, these artists have at once earned first places in the musical world, and repeated success crowns their every effort.—*Raleigh Daily Press.*

PEACE INSTITUTE'S EXHIBIT.

Beautiful Specimens of Work in all Departments of Art—One of the Treats of the Fair.

Among the handsomest exhibits at the State Fair was that of Peace Institute. There were beautiful specimens of work done in all branches of art, and during the entire time an admiring crowd stood about the exhibit.

The school lives up to its motto "To be and not to seem." So with the watchword "Thoroughness!" ever before its pupils, they are well grounded in drawing before doing more advanced work in crayon or colors.

Among the work from cast were the Young Bacchus and Hermes. Just under the latter stood the cast from which it was taken, giving an opportunity to see how perfectly the cast had been reproduced upon the paper.

There were also many groups from still life and nature. Particularly fine were the groups of fruits done in water-color. The pastel work was exquisite—View on the Bronx River and Little Mischief being things of great beauty.

The Lady of the Lake and the Lunch of the Hay Makers were handsome crayons, while I lingered with pleasure before the tapestry. Being such a fad just now, this is a much abused department of art, but I have rarely seen such elegant specimens as Love and Jealousy and Mignon.

Just in the centre of the space stood a case of China, which held two chocolate sets, several vases, a dessert set, and a tasteful nut set. The Worcester vase, decorated

in orchids, and the large vase decorated in old blue, were extremely fine and considered the handsomest pieces of china exhibited.

In short, the whole display was full of taste, and reflected the highest credit upon the school and the earnest and successful Faculty and pupils. Needless to say, the blue ribbon floated over this exhibit, and all said it was one of the treats of the Fair.—*Charlotte Observer.*

MUSICALE AT PEACE.

The first musicale of the year was given at Peace Institute last night, when several talented young ladies were introduced. The rendering of each selection demonstrated more thorough and conscientious study and a better comprehension of the work than usually characterize such entertainments. It is evident that musical advantages of a high order can be enjoyed at this institution. The following was the programme:

1. Piano Solo, Bubbling Spring, Rive King, Miss Margaret Knox.
2. "I've Something Sweet to Tell You," Fanning, Miss Julia Long.
3. Piano, Tendresse, Pacher, Miss Joie Brittain.
4. Recitation, The Drummer Boy, Miss Ruth Worth.
5. Piano, Ricordati, Gottschalk, Miss Daisy Howe.
6. Vocal, Creole Song, Smith, Miss Janie Faucette.
7. Piano, Dorothy, S. Smith, Miss Mozelle Stringfield.
8. Vocal, When the Bloom is on the Rye, Miss Eleanor Field.
9. Piano, Etude de Style, Ravana, Miss Beulah Witherspoon.
10. Violin, Serenade, Gorman, Miss Ethel Norris.
11. Vocal, Snowflakes, Cowen, Miss Carrie Archer.
12. Piano, Rondo Brilliante, Weber, Miss Julia Long.

—*From News and Observer.*

EXCHANGES.

The most noticeable improvement that we have seen in the exchanges is in *The Davidson Monthly*. This very probably is due to the fact that the new editors feel urged to win distinction in journalism before the close of the year.

In the October number of *The Davidson Monthly* we find an article on "An Elizabethan Lover and His Love" which occupies about ten pages, and also one entitled "Amongst the Tombstones." We would advise our fellow-students to look more to the future and let the past be past. In the November number of the same periodical they seem to be living more in the present age, as it opens with "The Silver Question."

We would suggest that *The Academy* add to its neat columns a longer personal.

We wish to sympathize with the editors of the *Converse Concept* after their receipt of the last *Davidson Monthly*. "Blessings, like curses," etc.

THE VOICES wish to compliment the classic purity of "The Greek and the Puritan" which appeared in the last issue of the *Trinity Archive*.

We are always glad to see the weekly papers from Chapel Hill, and wish to thank our friends for keeping us so abundantly supplied with the 'Varsity colors.

The November number of the neat and much improved magazine of Austin College indicates that they are really becoming wide-awake. We are glad that it is not necessary for all of us to sound a reveille. The editors, however, seem not too wide-awake to dream of love. Texas is not the only State whose rustic youths can be wounded with shafts from Cupid's bow, and can pour forth their ardent feelings in a model love-letter.

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